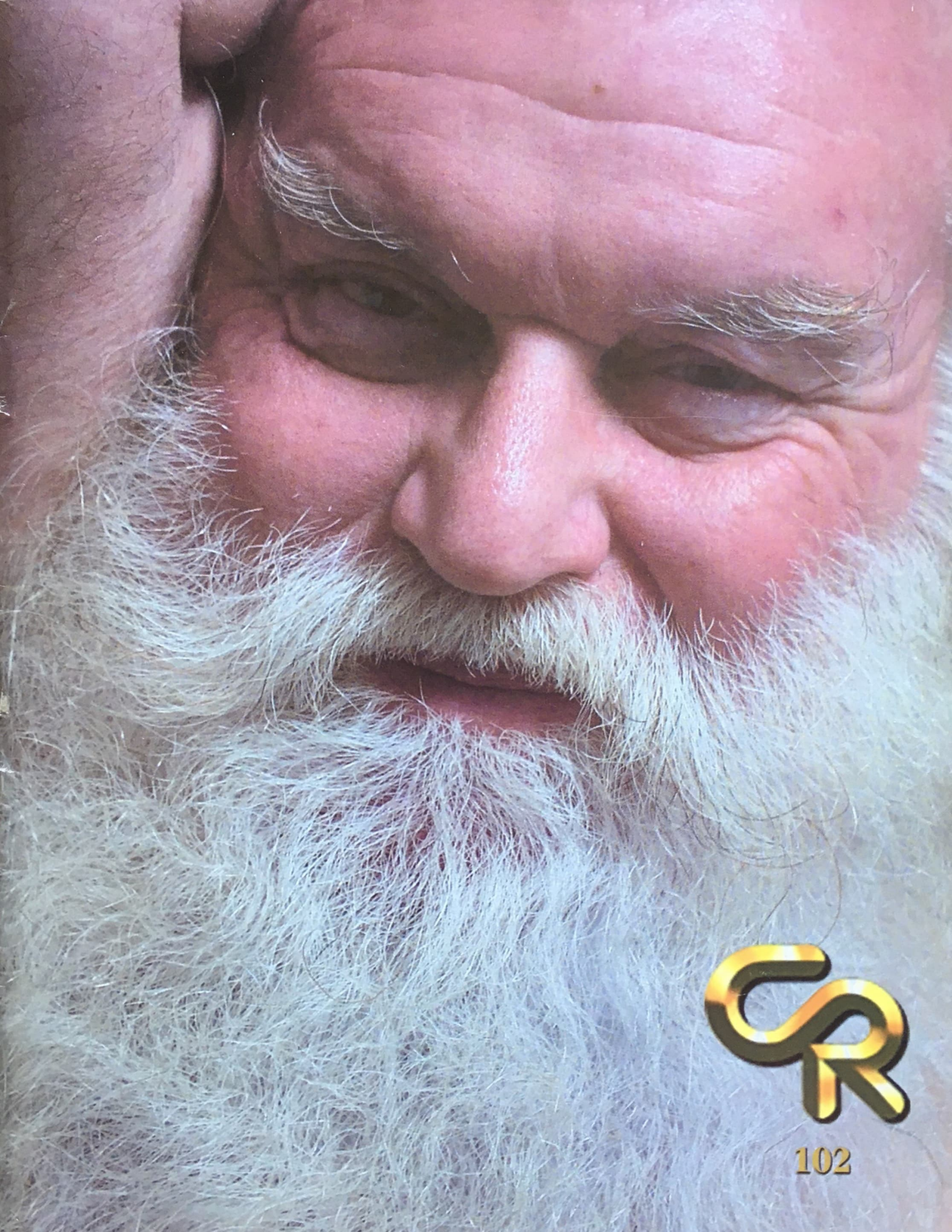

CR

102

MatureImage.com

CR MAGAZINE

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68 *IN THE BACK OF THE BUS* - fiction by JOHN ST. CHARLES

77 IN CLOSING

the stats

MODELS

FIRST COVER; PAGE 2 - **SILENUS HONEY:** 5'-9", 226#, California, single. Likes meeting mature men (especially Bears!), photo exchange via E-mail (or snail-mail), traveling, films and television, music (especially classical), nude encounters, computers, and talking about computing. E-mail: silenus@earthlink.net

PAGE 16 - **A-1 SILVERBEAR**: 70, 6'-1", 290#, Denver, single. Likes cooking, photography, music, movies, nudism. Looking for 45+, stocky, amicable, honest, sincere friendship with other possibilities.

PAGE 18 - **PAPA OSO**: 60, 5'-8", 195#, Miami, single. Likes young, handsome guys. Looking for the right one.

PAGE 19 - **ALEX:** 68, 5'-11", 220#, Connecticut, single. Likes flea markets, old cars, cooking. Looking for younger, trim to muscular romantic friend.

PAGE 29 - **T.J.:** 63, 5'-11", 220#, San Francisco, in an open relationship. Likes music, theater, sports and men. Looking for mature or husky men in his area.

PAGE 30 - **WHITE SWAN:** 45, 172 cm, 64 kg, Australia, in an open relationship. Likes travel, restaurants, woodworking, art, music. Looking for men over 60.

PAGE 31 - **ROB HUNT:** 70, 6 ft., 160#, N. California, single. Likes swimming, dining, travel. Looking for LTR.

PAGE 33 - **BUSH PILOT**: 71, 5'-8", 215#, Detroit, single. Loves flying seaplanes, gardening, cooking, sci-fi movies, Greek passive. Looking for burly, mature, handyman/lover who doesn't mind rural living and travel.

PAGE 34 - **BILL WORRALL:** 65, 5'-8", 220#, Toronto, single. One hell of an entertainer (pianist/vocals/comedian) who has performed all over the world. Looking for someone nice.

PAGE 35 - **JAY:** 64, 6 ft., 185#, St. Petersburg, in an open relationship. Likes aerobics, tennis, and all sports generally

PAGE 36,37 - **SDNH RAY:** 72, 5'-9", 195#, San Diego/New Hampshire, in an open relationship. Likes music, theater, painting, canoeing, and hairy mature men. E-mail: Oraldaddy@aol.com

PAGE 38, 39 - **THOM**: 70s, 5'-10", 170#, Austin, TX, in an open relationship with photographer JOEL. He is turned on by young dudes who are masculine, healthy, and are turned on to older masculine men. E-mail: Texthom@webtv.com

PAGE 40 - **BIG MIKE**: 37, 6'-1", 235#, Tampa, single. Likes softball, theater, writing, nights out and quiet nights too. Looking for possible LTR with a man 45 and up. Heavyset and furry a plus, but not necessary.

PAGE 41 - **PAPI**: 68, 5'-7", 185#, Chicago. Likes traveling, people with sense of humor, arts in general. Looking for men any age, but especially attracted to stocky to heavy sets. E-mail: RKGust@aol.com

PAGE 42 - **TOOTS**: 76, 5'-4", 138#, Tennessee, in a relationship. Likes people. Looking for long life to share conversation and enjoyment.

PAGE 43 - **HAP**: 69, 6 ft., 190#, Central Florida, single. Likes bowling, pool, long beach walks, reading. Looking for middle age to older, nonsmoker or smoker okay. Hap1155@bellsouth.net

PAGE 44 - **MANUEL:** 34, 170#, NW Mexico, in an open relationship. Likes music, reading, movies, conversations, exercising, wrestling. Looking for contact with 45-95 worldwide, stocky to fat, only with moustache, bald. **MAKO**: 39, 5'-10", NY Metro, in a closed relationship. Likes older, heavyset men over 45 with fun-loving attitude. Looking for other couples, friends, for travel, theater, and activities. **PW**: 54, 6 ft., 190#, Phoenix, single. Likes travel, movies, music, the sea, cuddling, kissing. Looking for romantic, loving, monogamous LTR with young man, 28-37, nonsmoker, clean-shaven, ht/wt proportionate. **JOHN BEAR**: 64, 5'-10", 215#, Pacifica, CA, in an open relationship. Looking for friendship, beefy men from 25-55. E-mail SFJohnbear@aol.com

PAGE 45 - **HONDA MAN**: 73, 5'-7", 152#, Tampa Bay, FL, single. Likes gardening, computers, bridge, theater, gym and travel. Looking for fit, drug-free, nonsmoking, light drinker, 30-60, for casual or LTR.

PAGE 46- **SCUBA BEAR:** 50, 5'-9", 190#, Washington, DC, in an open relationship. Likes mature men, furry chests, something kind and sparkling in the eyes. Looking for friends, encounters (both social and sexual), couples, divers.

PAGE 47- **CHRIS OF BAVARIA**: 51, 5'-9", 230#, Munich, in an open relationship. Likes music, books. Looking for pen pals.

PAGE 48 - **FLORIDA SEXY SENIOR**: 71, 6'-2", 170#, East Coast/Central Florida. Likes leather, bears, nudism, fur, working out. Looking for nonsmoker, lite drinker to play with. No LTR.

PAGE 49 -**SHY JOE**: 60, 6'-2", 300#, S. California, in an open relationship with Papa Bear Jim. Likes travel, safe sex, corresponding, lots of foreplay. Looking for interesting men worldwide. **BULLDOG**: 39, 5'-0", 140#, Spokane, WA., single. Likes travel, safe sex, corresponding, movies, music. Looking for fun, friendship, men--40s to 90s.

PAGE 50 - **MEL TABBERT**: 58, 5'-9", 310#, Philadelphia, single. Likes hot, sexy, chaser type guys, hairy a plus. Looking for fun, fun, fun.

PAGE 53 - **BODY WORKER:** 69, 5'-10", 190#, Central Texas, single. Likes collecting classic cars, travel. Looking for monogamous relationship.

PAGE 61 -**SWEET PEA**: 64, 5'-8", 185#, Florida, single. Loves traveling, classical music, dining out. Looking for younger friends, 35+, for socializing.

PAGE 62 -**BRAZILIAN COUPLE:** 53/34, 1,76 /1,75 m., 98/88 kg, South Brazil, in an open relationship. Likes safe sex, friendship, reading, travel, computing, fishing, internet. Looking for new friends and sex with men all over the world.

PAGE 63 - **BOB SCOTT:** 62, 5'-10", 230#, Dallas, single. Likes travel, theater. Looking for younger friends.

PAGE 64 - **PICO:** 78, 5'-9", 170#, Coachella Valley, CA, single. Likes tennis, hiking, fine dining. Retired engineer, summer volunteer with U.S. Forest Service in Oregon, N. Arizona, 4-Corners. Wants to meet guys from those areas. E-mail: pico22@juno.com

PAGE 65 - **MICHIGAN TOM:** 54, 5'-5", 148#, Michigan, single. Likes antiques, old cars/trucks/motorcycles. Looking for friends.

PAGE 66 - **HANS:** 5'-8", 200#, Northwest. Likes extensive overseas travel, gardening, classical music, reading, corresponding with penpals. Looking for strong, mature men. E-mail: HERB722@webtv.net

PAGE 67 - **DESERT RAT:** 61, 5'-5", 190#, Tucson, single. Looking for LTR, friends. **WOLF EYES:** 55, 5'-8", 175#, California, in an open relationship. Looking for mature men who are solid individuals and enjoy life simple and uncomplicated.

PAGE 72 - **PAPA LEE:** 62, 5'-11", 365#, Illinois, single long-haul trucker. Likes furry, chubby guys. Interested in computers and music. E-mail: lesagebruch@yahoo.com

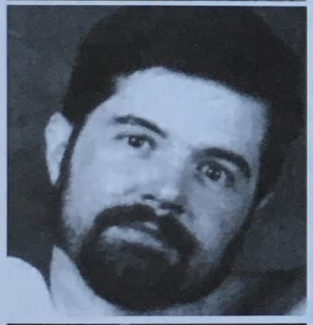
PAGE 73 - **HAWAIIAN HEART:** 49, 6 ft., 180#, Colorado, single. Likes hugs, cooking, nature, Hawaii, hosting travelers. Looking for travel companions, lover, hosts around the world.

PAGE 74 - **DADSHOME4U:** 54, 6'-1", 250#, California, single. Likes son types and long walks. Looking for a Son.

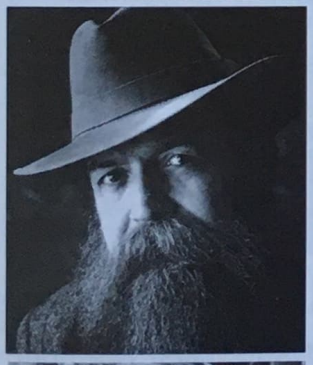
PAGE 79; SECOND COVER - **WAG:** 56, 6'-1", 235#, Minnesota, in an open relationship. Likes nudity, penpals, E-mail, other masculine men. E-mail: CRWag2@aol.com

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS (this issue)

CHOCOLAD: 59, SF Bay area, single. Likes photography, cooking, reading, theatre, music, mature nonsmoking men, needlepoint. Correspond worldwide and meet visitors to SF. Chocolad@backdoor.com



JOEL: 36, Austin, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. Likes older, trim men. Looking for models in the South Texas area.

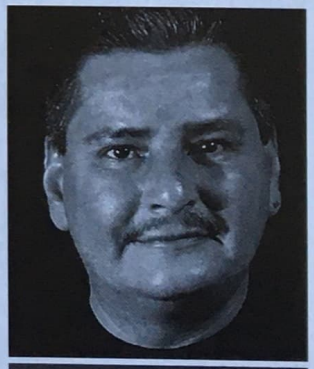


MARSHALL: 61, 6'-1", 295#, Oregon, single. Likes hiking, swimming, photography, music, hanging out with friends. Looking for masculine mature men, 40s and up.

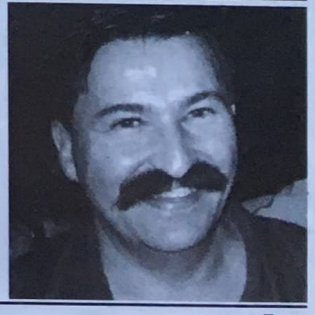
PHOTOMAN: 52, in a monogamous relationship with a silverfox in Palm Springs. E-mail him at: PhotoManCR@aol.com

MIKE DEVEAU: 46, 5'-10", 220#, Las Vegas, single. He likes to have fun and is looking for other people to have fun with.

MACKRO: is 35 and has been shooting a camera for 20 years. He and his lover, Mackromate, live in Salt Lake City and have an open relationship



ABE ORTEGA: 45, lives in San Francisco with his 63-year-old partner. His interests are photography, travel, motorcycles and computers. He owns the magnificent website: MatureImage.com



ZR-1 is 44, 5'-7", 180#, Central Florida, in a monogamous relationship. Likes fun people, travel, cars, fixing things. Seeks no correspondence.

REPARTEE

CROSSING THE LINE

First things first. Today I receive my CR publication. I must say, that of recent, I do think it is one of your best. I don't know when I have seen so damn many wonderful looking mature men. Slap yourselves on the back, you deserve it. I was sorry to see that gatherings were being discontinued. As a middle aging, formerly married, self-employed professional, I was very, very fortunate to stumble upon CR a few years ago. It was salvation and a ephiphany of sorts. Convinced me I was not a freak and gave me the hope that eventually, I would be able to leave the office long enough to attend a Gathering. As I am the only person in my two businesses that touches the books, pays the bills and runs payroll, the week-long cruises will be too long to be away. However this is not the heart of my disappointment. As a person that has been "done over" by others in the past, people that I would have trusted with any and all, I could feel your pain in relating the story of the three who deceived you. You have my deepest sympathy, your pain from these people will last much longer than my disappointment. In time, I will be able to make a cruise and leave the bookwork, etc. for others I feel trusting in. Keep up the good work, the appreciation from many of us is infinite. John/Evansville IN

I've read the Crossing The Line article and it seems you've been hit very hard by the backstabbing. Although I can understand and appreciate your determination to continue with the magazine, you will have to consider what affect this is having on you both mentally and physically. If your health suffers it might be better to call it a day. Obviously I'm not aware of your financial situation but I'm sure the network you have built up over the years would help you get through emotionally. Whatever you decide to do you can take great pleasure in what you have achieved over the years. I feel sure that your true friends will back your decisions knowing what you have had to put up with. Regards, Pat L/England

Hello Pat. We spoke briefly on the phone some short time ago as you called me back when I ordered a copy of CR. I received the magazine a few days ago and I have read every word and drooled over most of the pictures inside. I have also read everything you have written on your web site. The last piece you wrote, and the piece in the magazine has prompted me to write. I am thoroughly in awe of you. The way you write so honestly about your feelings for another man just amazes me. You speak with an openness that makes me worried about you. That someone could, would, and have hurt you. I hope that Bruce, which you speak so lovingly about, is there for support when some idiot with a different opinion starts to throw stuff in your direction. I hope you are surrounded with more friends than enemies. I am fortunate to not ever had anyone after me the way someone has been after you. You have my respect and (the next word should be love, but...) Hell we don't even know each other. I live here in the (as we call it) the frozen North, in Calgary. If we lived closer, I would be proud to have you as a friend, I have many friends in the States and I would be honoured to have you call me one too. I used to belong to an amateur radio motorcycle club based in LA, and have made a few trips to attend their functions. My next trip is to Vegas for a photography convention in March. I hope to be able to meet (meat ?) up with some men that look like the models you show in your publication and web site. I hope you don't think I'm a nut, or anything, I just had to write and tell you that there are lots of good people in the world and you seem to have run into a lot of the bad ones. Just don't give up, you are doing good work and I hope you continue. I hope we meet someday, I would like to shake your hand. If you have any members in this part of the world who need a picture taken and are heavy and over 50, please send them to me. I'll treat them most kindly, and with the most discretion. Andy/Calgary

I was very touched by Andy's concern. A sweet young man. If you live in his area and want to have your photo taken by him, write to him in care of CR.

Richard and I just got done reading CR 101 and are truly saddened by the back stabbing that you described in your closing statement. We can't fathom why people would do this to two truly great people, who have busted their asses off to put on what had to be,

the hardest parties to plan and put on. We as gay men have to put up with a lot of other bullshit from the rest of the world, but you don't anticipate it coming from someone who you "thought " was in your corner! If at any time in the future you want to try and pull off another great gathering--WE LOVED ALL THE ONES WE WENT TO--you just let us know. We would be proud and very eager to help the two of you to pull it off. And in closing, FUCK THEM IN THE NECK, to those men who think that you're getting rich and lazy by having CR. Sane people know better. Take care and remember: our thoughts are with you two! I think you would be amazed at how many people now know the truth about what some assholes did and are doing. Keep your chin up. The real men of the world know better! Nicholas Claus aka Santa Steve, and Richard Mowry aka Little Rab/Seattle

Guess you might be tired of hearing this from me. I have to REALLY thank you for everything involved with CR. You have brought joy to so many people, including me. I met my companion thru CR magazine ten years ago. Other friends did the same. I'm sure we all are thankful. When in Miami, I watched the guys as they sat listening to Jim Edmonds play the piano so beautifully. They all seemed quite happy. None of this could have happened if it weren't for you and CR. I wonder if those who bitched so much have ANY idea of what you all did to get these gatherings together. I try to put myself in your place. What a job! I feel those who bitched so much would never be happy with anything. I can't imagine anyone to be so upset to write some of the letters you receive. Let 'em go! Who needs them? How you put up with us, I don't know. A lot of us "oldsters" seem to get pretty bitter as they get older. Me, I'm just thankful you are there. You have been SO good to me thru the years. Keep CR going. More of us appreciate it than don"t. If you decide to do the gatherings in the future, I know I'll try to be there. You know what you are doing and THANK YOU! So PLEASE keep up the good work. We old farts (and young ones) need you. VERY sincerely Bob (WALTER MITTY)

Hi Pat: Just read the latest issue of CR and from front to rear there was a lot of things that surprised me. I had no idea that there were so many vicious people on this planet. Especially in the gay community. I have been around quite a while and knew that there were plenty of gays that I never wanted to be associated with and from reading what you have been going through and have been putting up with, I can truly say that I am on your side 100%. Tom Cat is the one that surprised me! WOW!!!!! I only met with you briefly in Las Vegas at the gathering, (Not that I wouldn't have minded seeing more of you!!!) but this faction of people trying to and keeping up the crap they are throwing in your direction is something I never dreamed of. Guess they don't have anything better to do with their lives but to try to trash others such as yourself. I can see why you have the medical problems you have, diabetes etc. the aggravation you do not need. Years ago I did meet such people and actually came right out and told them to "GET FUCKED" in no uncertain terms. Never could stand that type nor wanted to be associated with them. All I can say to you is that keep up the good work and lead your life to it's fullest. To hell with them. In Friendship, Frank D./New Jersey

Hi Pat--I really enjoy Issue 101. CROSSING THE LINE. I'm glad you finally put it in writing. Thank you for your beautiful work. Kunio/ Japan

I am sorry to see that the bitches are at it again! I wish you and Bruce all the best in 2002. Time to clean up and take tough decisions. I am with you since the first issue of Swan, so hang in there and know that a lot of people will always be grateful for what you started 15 years or so ago. You deserve more than you got. Gratitude is a word that does not exist among a long of gay people. Keep well, happy, and health. Gabriel/ California

Dear Pat and Bruce: I could hardly believe my eyes when I read the end pages of 101. It's frightful to note that anything meant to be good so easily can be instantly turned into efficient tools of vicious destruction, ruin, and despair, and this is true for anything, including aircraft and friends. Like the beautiful country named the United States of America you apparently have had your September 11, too. The difference is that you have had numerous 911's previously and throughout the years, but you have managed to overcome the attacks, licking your wounds, and go on, to the continuous benefit of the CR Family. It's well known that too many people, even our "friends" find it difficult to accept the successes of peers that almost always did not happen because of alleged "luck" but because of continuous hard, hard work. Even Society finds it hard to accept that some people are "more equal than others" and stand out in excellence and brilliant intellect. I do not know why among humans there are millions of fans, especially in

the entertainment field, who think nothing of the riches of their idols and willingly spend even more money to increase the funds of their fanned objects. But if this is a fact, why would some of the fans and followers of the CR family deny its creators even a modest livelihood, even a modest success, even their receiving modest appreciation for their accomplishments? Now, I am a good example of the many for whom you've stuck out your necks. Because of your generous help, Pat, in the midst of Bruce's serious and time-consuming illness, you still found time to give me a foothold so that I conveniently and easily could slide into and settle in one of the world's five Gardens of Eden. I believe it partially had something to do with the position of celestial bodies. The earthly, warm bodies became part of the package, too. Thank you again! I do not see how I could possibly turn against friends like the two of you, bite your hands, discredit your reputation, attempting to cause your downfall. For this reason I do not understand why "the six" you write about could, and, in one case, how he could get away with it so long, especially when dealing with and acting in an environment that is so inherently hostile to us. I believe that, at least in one case, the reason might have been a temporarily loss of good judgment. Let us hope so. The fact remains that the CR Family consists of tens of thousands of genuine men who most likely will continue supporting you. Those are the hands to count! They are more than six. I am one of them, and if there is anything I can do in the field that has become yours and mine, please let me know. Hone your writing skills. Remember that most unbelievable pieces of art often came out of deep valleys of despair and depression. I was down for some fifteen months before June 22 last year. Then the last six months of 2001 turned glorious, and I expect the sun to continue to shine into my soul even during 2002. Perhaps there is only so much happiness to eke out. When I am at the peak of mine, you have to give away some of yours. Now, when clouds are hiding your sun, let me assure you of my friendship. The beautiful CR 101 is an excellent proof that you are still going strong. Please accept my congratulations on having accomplished yet another golden brick in the CR House of Happiness. Sincerely, Len/Florida

JIM GRIM

Dear Pat. Just wanted to thank you for the lovely tribute to Jim. It was very touching. I cried when I read it, but it made me feel good that Jim got his wish. I was very impressed that you remembered all the details of the picture taking day in New Orleans. It brought back some precious memories. I know Jim is up in heaven, smiling. Again, thanks so much. God Bless, Tom.

THE QUADRAPLEX/ MOJAVE DVD

Thanks, Pat! And let me tell you again and again, Daddy, Quadraplex/Mojave is freaking HOT! I absolutely adore you and Rob Dadeo in that video. Please produce more videos starring you and Rob. Warmest regards to you and Bruce. Bobby (via e-mail)

Dear CR. My name is Hisao. I just received DVD. It took awhile, but it's worth to wait.....I love it a lot. I can not wait next DVD. I will check your website all the time...thank you so much...H.M./ Japan

As for Qudraplex, it has to be the best "daddy" video I've ever seen. Rob Dadeo and Syrinx are wonderful in each of the four chapters! The dialogue is hilarious and also a real turn-on. Did you guys write a script or ad lib this stuff? Rob Dadeo is a scream as the rough hewn, cigar chomping, TV repairman who's so worried about missing his lunch hour! Syrinx is equally hilarious as the married guy whose wife is out shopping with her mother. After he pops the "AC/DC porno tape into the VCR for his married buddy, Daddy Rob, the hilarious exchange between two "straight" guys and incredible sex ensues. So, when do you guys begin shooting the sequel--Quadraplex II, The New Millennium? I'd also love to see Rebel II and Rob Dadeo get it on!!. Yours truly, SOCCER SON

A GIFT

Dear Pat: I appreciate your note and want you to know I don't feel I have done anything noble by donating my gathering cancellation refund to CR. At the time of the Miami Gathering I had some problems and you covered my registration for me so I could attend that gathering. Things for me have improved and it is now only appropriate that I step up and help you when things are not so good for you. I might add that I consider the CR group, or at a minimum many of the members, like extended family members--family of choice. I am treating you as one family member to another. I think at this time in history, specifically, we all need to examine all of our relationships from the most intimate to the close-

ness of the CR group. Pat, none of us know how far we have come until we take just a minute from the master time clock and look back to see where we individually started from. If you are comfortable with where you are after that moment of reflection, look around and see how good it really is. Take a moment and express that gratitude and happiness to someone within in your reach. Bless you Pat, knowing you and Bruce and the CR group is definitely a happy addition to my life and my life experiences. Hugs & Kisses Jerry/Florida

HOWARD, INCARNATE (chiron-rising.com)

The basis of the magazine is empathy and support, sustaining those who, like you, have faced scorn and bullying from a cruel public. Your career reflects the courage you have displayed in escaping your upbringing. It's a blessing that you've been open to these visitors from the other side. Am so proud of you and all you are. Love Mary Martin/Minneapolis

Mary is my cousin. She is the author of two books and countless articles on adoption. She is a nationally recognized advocate on adoption for women who cannot conceive. We share the same great grandmother alluded to in the on-line article. PHC

I hope that you don't get a lot of teasing about your website article, but I am sure you will. Millions of Christians and Jews believe in Heaven, and millions more Muslims believe in Paradise (do martyrs get a choice of virgins or boys?), yet when I tell people that my departed life partner is still in the house watching over me, they think I'm nuts. Your openness and honesty are--not to mention your balls--are an inspiration. Victor/Memphis

DON McLAREN

Dear Pat and Bruce: I can never thank you enough for the tribute in your CR Magazine #101, that you have given to my and your special friend Don McLaren, due to his passing on September 25th. When I opened the magazine I was hoping to find a small article about his passing and when I saw the full page, it brought tears and a spiritual tingling inside me. Thank you, Thank you. He was my best friend and I continue to miss him much, especially his wonderful sense of humor. I have never met either of you but he talked about you both regarding the good you have done with the magazine. Don loved men and was a real free spirit. I found myself many times living through Dons escapades, as he would openly share from time to time. I ate with Don, "Don of the Desert," the night before he passed away, we ate real hot dogs. He also had a few martinis that night, his favorite. Hope to meet you both in the near future. I will also be subscribing to the CR magazine. Thank you both, hugs, Don's spirit and me, Rod S., Palm Springs, CA

VIDEOS

Thanks for your wonderful mag. I've enjoyed it for at least ten years now, probably more. Living here in the upper peninsula of Michigan, it's rather quite difficult for me to meet an older man. Usually I have to travel at least 200 miles east or west in hopes of meeting someone at the adult book store or the sauna. Nine times out of ten I end up with zero. But boy when I do score it is great! Anyway I'm wondering that now that you got back in the video business will any of these hot videos be available in the VHS format? (Please!) They would sure help me during so many of these lonely nights in the U.P. Paul/Michigan

We are selling CD-ROMs and will soon sell VCDs, because we have the means to burn them here. In order to duplicate videos, we have to have an outside source who demands a hefty minimum. The weak demand for VHS videos precludes our offering them PHC

HARM

I just joined your group after having read HARM on-line. I am a doctor and I couldn't believe the kinds of medications your partner was being given. Dr. Sanjay Gupta wrote an article on elderly unfriendly medications in TIME last year. If you can't get rights of republication, let me put my two cents in. Recommended dosages for most drugs are based on the metabolism of a 150-160# man. There is no allowance made for age. This is bad because seniors have less muscle mass, a much greater sensitivity to certain drugs, and a slower metabolism. Your partner was given a lot of meperidine (Demerol), which, in extended use, can produce a toxic by-product. Seniors should never take Dalmane, Somnol, Equanil, Meprosan, Miltown, Diabinese, Darvon, Talwin, Tigan, Benzacot, Stemtic, Bentyl, Anaspaz, Cystospaz, Gastrosed, Pro-Banthine, any barbiturates such as pentobarbital or belladonna alkaloids such as atropine. If your doctor prescribes any of these drugs, remind him that you are elderly and that he should perhaps bone up on his pharmacology. Jason D./Brooklyn Heights

Hi Pat. I just wanted to write and tell you that I read the article you

wrote about Bruce's hospital ordeal. My belated John died in New Oreans in Nov.2000. We had been together 3 years after meeting on AOL. He had COPD when I met him and I cared for him although he was able to walk and go shopping and out to dinner etc. He became ill that Oct. and we had gone to New Orleans driving from our home in Mississippi. His HMO was in New Orleans (his former home) so when he needed tests (blood PT, warfarin) we always made the drive and stayed in his ex-wife's home. It was stated in their divorce that he and I were allowed to stay there in his former home for that reason and for as long as needed. I was even present at the divorce and signed as a witness. (Weird , long story) He had been having a lot of pain in his back and after the ER trip in Mississippi I drove him to New Orleans the next day. I can't begin to tell you all the abominable things that transpired in the next 8 weeks. Reading your story triggered many memories about one particular bitch that wore a nurses uniform. They found lung cancer the fourth week and other tumors, one on his spine that was causing his pain. Reading your story brought back all the feelings I had during that awful time. Ironically when he was admitted they took crack heads off the street in for MRI's in the ER (which would have shown the tumors he had) but he had to wait 4 weeks for other tests before an MRI. A body bone scan was ordered, and valuable time was lost. They gave John shot after shot of Demerol in the ER, and only after I was relentless in telling the primary that the shit was just too goddamn potent, would they decrease pain medications when he was staying in the hospital 6 weeks for tests. I can tell you story after story about the same things you dealt with. That part is rotten, Pat. There are, however, angels that uplift us and even though you know the end is near, they help you in ways that only they know how and understand. Thank God for those few. I can always be extremely proud that I was there with him and took care of him in the wake of the same things you spoke of. It was the worst time in my life. Also I was dealing with his ex and her questions, even though she could care less. He ended up being sent to her home for two of the last weeks, with me, his Buddy, his Boy, caring for him as my King. John had the insight to adopt me legally as his son the year before, and I had the upper hand when decisions were to be made and his ex and his adopted daughter stood out of the way, knowing I was the boss. To have looked into John's face, seeing his eyes glisten with thankfulness for my being there for him is the pinnacle of my life. I went overboard caring for him, losing precious sleep thinking I could do it all at the hospital. His ex and daughter never came to see him at all. He was my Papa, I his son, and we adored each other. John was an extremely outspoken man, loud when he walked in the room--the KING had arrived. He bragged on me constantly in the hospital. It's taken me since then to recover somewhat. I can remember the first year we were together, how I cried each time I told him I loved him and how overwhelmed I was to finally be in love with a man and how wonderful it was to be privately homosexual and totally content for the first time in my life. So it was then that every day for a year after he passed away that my gut exploded and my tears fell like buckets every day when memories struck me. I would gasp for air as though it would never stop hurting. Only now when I point my thoughts toward that time, do I become drenched with tears dripping down to hit my shirt and keyboard. Hours of 8mm movies of John really are special to me. Many times I captured him at his best at the kitchen table, charming as he ever was, telling me how much he loved me. That moment is frozen in time, one that I can relive when I need to hear those words from him. We were the best. Now, I am a somewhat healed man and living in Nebraska of all places. Chuck, who is 70, holds my heart now. I am a very happy man here knowing that I make a difference in his life. It feels grand to be in love again. He is the most charming man on this earth. Retired educator with a Ph.D. I am on top of the world here. He has helped me with my grief and pulled me up. Did I mention what a sexy man he is? I am a very lucky man here and very thankful. I am so thankful that Chuck got to speak to John on the phone when he was in the hospital. They sang "In The Garden" over one conversation, which is one memory that is indelible in my mind. There is a very proud man in heaven; John adored me totally, and I lived to make him comfortable. It was just like a wonderful love story movie every day we shared. Just wanted you to know I understand and applaud you for taking the time to tell others about Bruce. When I read that you heard his cane getting nearer and his eyes puffy, I swallowed hard and my eyes filled with tears to blur my reading. Thanks Pat. Sincerely, Buddy S./Nebraska

BAD BLOOD AND MAGGOTS ON DOG SHIT

And finally this e-mail filled with so much scathing wit that we were agast and frozen in repartee "check

mate." Just had to share it with you. If it is in fact from the Pete "Tiamo" who runs Centaur Magazine, then perhaps he is a little miffed that we "pirated" his exclusive right to produce a magazine in CD-ROM format. Hey, we think the Centaur Color CD-ROM is superb, so we decided to see if we could do half as well. Isn't that the capitalistic way? Competition and envy, or bad blood and feud--call it what you want. Palestinians hate the Israelis; dogs hate cats; FOX hates CNN, K-Mart hates Wal-Mart. Mikey and Petey LOATHE St. Patti Prozac. So if making nasty with the words upsets you, turn the page.

I assume that the following is in response to THEM VICIOUS SILICIANS (SIC) in the CR 100's DIALOGUE--that "paisan39" is apparently Pete Tiamo, whose real name, I am told is "Scattutti."

Subj: **Re: letters**
Date: Thursday, February 14, 2002 2:11:42 PM
From: paisan39@hotmail.com
To: Crpi@aol.com

ST. Patti Prozac,
Do you still believe that you are an "editor"? Editor of what? Your magazine is worse than a supermarket tabloid. Remember what you use to call
Mike? "Mikey Cee, Mikey do". Now it is "Patti C. Patti do". Copying is the highest form of flattery. Thank you very much. Your CD (if it exists) and if it is anything like your magazine will surely fall flat on its face.
St. Patti, if I wanted to "break your legs" I would not send someone do to a job that I can do. Keep making fun of my heritage, at least I can trace my family back for many generations. You on the other hand have to have a psychic look for your family in a crystal ball.
So take a few more Prozac, go to bed and see if you can have a revealing
dream about your father.
Pete
ps
From the e-mail I have been getting your name is puke in the South.

Uhh...Pete, I wasn't making fun of your heritage--just Mikey's misspelling of "Sicilian." Pay attention.

The day before, paisan39@hotmail.com sent me a message that said in part: *"St. Patti, if I have anything to say to you (and I really don't as I do not like corresponding with lunatics) I will send it to you myself either by the U.S. mail or as I am doing with this e-mail. So, take a couple of prozac, go to bed and have a wonderful nightmare. Pete Tiamo. P.S. Read your story about your "FATHER"* **["Howard, Incarnate" LIBRARY - www.chiron-rising.com]** *it made me puke. Please continue to trash the JackRabbits. Whenever you do such it increases the number of people attending."*

Goodness! One has to wonder why Mr. Tiamo read all the story if it was so nauseating! And if he doesn't like corresponding with me, then why do I have a thick file of diatribe from both Mikey and Petey?

Last year I got an undated signed letter from Pete stating in part:

"...but how low are you really? Lower than dog shit is how low you really are--and dog shit attracts only flies and maggots."Again, take another Prozac (maybe two in your case) go to bed and have another wonderful nightmare. You and I will settle our differences privately at a later date. Pete"

Oh, my! Did I just get threatened? You think maybe he's gonna try to beat up poor old St. Patti Prozac? First Mike Smith, the 7-foot parapsychologist from Philadelphia, and now Pete Scattutti, that nail-chewing Silician [sic] from Desert Hot Springs. Jeez, I'd better hit the mattresses! And buy an attack Chihuahua.

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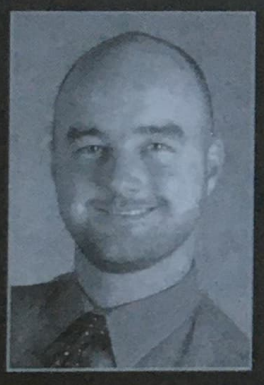

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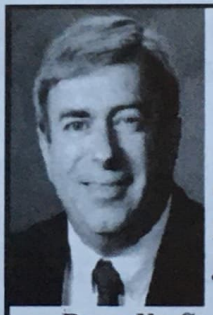

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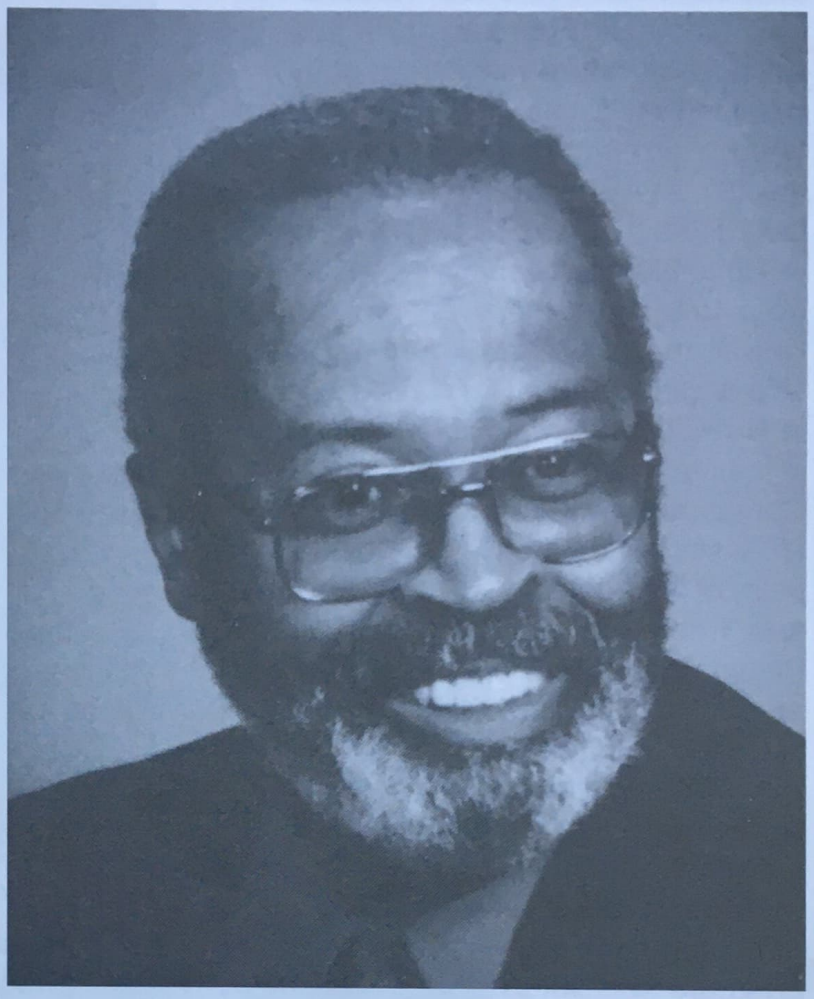
JIM EDMONDS

February 7, 1931 - February 7, 2002



When a Spokane subscriber called to tell me about Jim's tragic death, I could only sit and stare at my computer monitor. This was not the right ending for such an enrichingly decent and superbly talented man. CR had lost one of its most important supporters; Bruce and I had lost one of our best friends. Eastern Washington University had lost one of its most beloved and respected celebrities. People in four continents mourned.

Jim was driving from Cheney, Washington, to Spokane with his sisters Arreta Smith and Lorna Whitfield to celebrate his 71st birthday. A car driven by the husband of an Eastern Washington University mathematics professor was coming the opposite direction. It swerved into the oncoming lane and hit Edmonds' car head-on. Five wonderful human beings died instantly.

Jim began teaching piano and music theory at Eastern in 1962. He retired in 1987, but he continued to be highly involved in the Music Department's activities. He was an accomplished soloist who performed on at least two occasions with the Spokane Symphony and with many other regional ensembles, but he preferred playing as an accompanist and often performed with students.

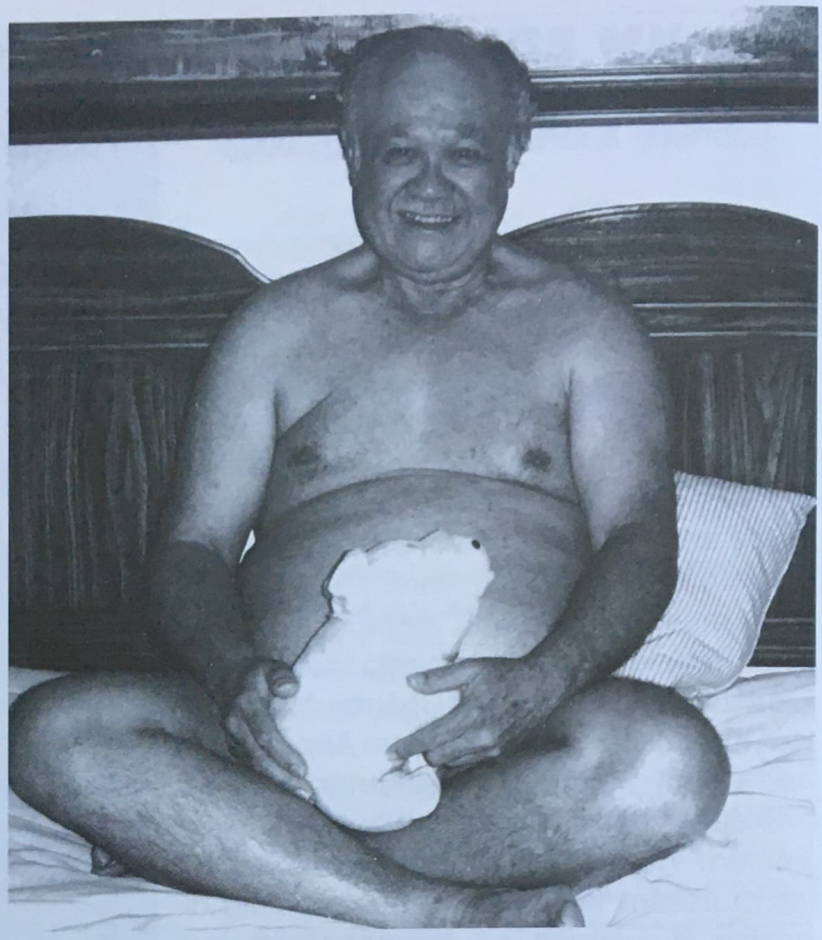
After becoming a professor emeritus, he continued to perform around the world. He was planning to go to Nowra, NSW Australia for a visit at the time of his death. He was also planning to stay for a while with CR models Snowy and Cockatoo Rex.

A Nowra resident was referred to me and wrote: "Thank you Pat for the information. Jim was one of those very special people that I feel so glad to have known. He originally came to Nowra through his pen-friend, Don Dudgeon. Don was my singing teacher and a great letter writer. Don thought our community might find it a challenge to meet someone who was not only black but gay. Don's fears were based on his previous experience of being unwelcome in some local churches because of being gay. Needless to say Jim had everyone charmed. Now both Don and Jim have passed away, but we have lots of wonderful memories. I don't think anyone will ever make the piano in the Nowra School of Arts sound the way Jim did!"

Jim infused the CR gatherings with elements of refinement and dignity never encountered at any other gathering of men. He organized recitals by some of the world's finest recording artists; he joined forces with our pop musical producer, Art Maddox (himself a brilliant concert pianist and composer), and brilliant artists such as Ray Romero, Kemush, Osamu, Walter Mitty, and Ramon Lago to make possible our dream of presenting a genuine arts and entertainment festival.

His spirit, as well as the wonderful memories of Eden Roc 2001, will live on in our hearts.

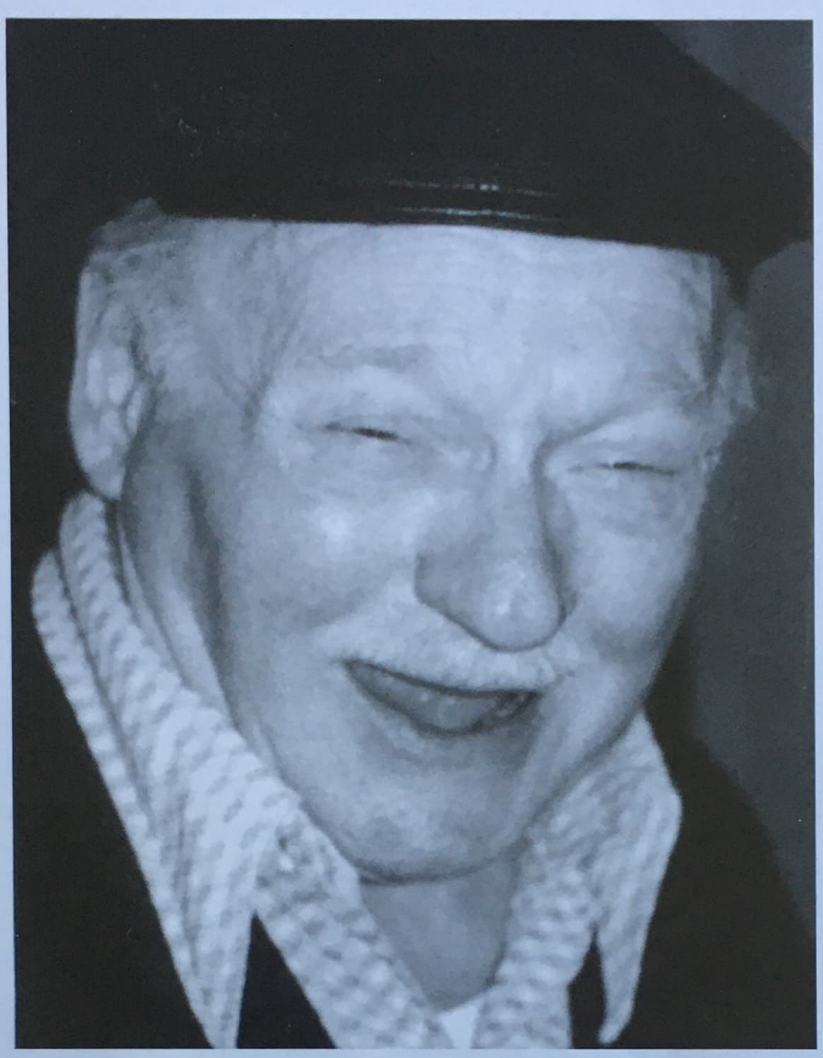
ELMER RAYMOND KANETA, 75, died of cancer February 17, 2002, at the Anchorage home he shared with his life partner, Tom Rachal. His ashes will be scattered over the mountains overlooking Honolulu. ALASKA AL, as he was known to the CR Family, was born October 2, 1926, in Honolulu. He served in the U.S. Army from 1945-47 at the Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, then in Okinawa, Japan. He worked as a display designer for various retail stores in Hawaii and Oregon from 1964-79, then in maintenance for the Hawaiian Telephone Company from 1979-81. In 1981, He moved to Alaska, where he worked for the Municipality of Anchorage. He first worked in Parks and Recreation and later in Community Planning and Development until his retirement. He was a member and past master of Le Progres De L'Oceanie Masonic Lodge in Hawaii and a member of the International Order of Foresters. Al enjoyed traveling, cooking, reading, computer graphics, and was a baritone in barbershop quartets in Anchorage and Hawaii. He is survived by three sons, a brother, a sister, several grandchildren and great-grand-children and his life partner. The family suggests that memorial donations be sent to the Hospice of Anchorage, 500 West International Airport Road, Suite C, Anchorage, AK 99518.



In Tom Rachal's own words:

"It is with a very sad heart that I report that Al died early Sunday morning with me by his side. Just before he died I asked him if he was in any pain, and he shook his head in the "no" manner. He had been unable to speak for the last two days but would respond to questions which could be answered with "yes" and "no" head movements. It was only a few minutes later that he left this world for whatever lies beyond. While I am very sad and lonely without Al being here with me, I know he never did have any pain in the 17 months since he was diagnosed with small cell lung cancer. Very few cancer patients are so fortunate. I also know he always wanted to die at home and not in a hospital room. I am happy he was able to accomplish both of his final wishes. There will be no funeral services for Al, as he did not wish to put his friends and relatives through such a stressful event. Two or three weeks from now we will have a Memorial Potluck Dinner in his honor. Al always enjoyed potluck dinners and thought this would be a nice thing to do for those who cared to remember him. We will have photos of Al at various times of his life from his baby photos all the way through his adult years. His best friend, Al Incontro, will organize the event. This summer Al's son, Robin, and his wife, Julie, will take Al's ashes to Hawaii. They will drive to the highest point in the mountains overlooking Honolulu where some of his high school classmates will sing several Hawaiian songs. Robin will then let the wind scatter Al's ashes into the forest below. Al always felt he should return to Hawaii, for this is where he was born. I think he was correct and am in total agreement with his wish."

When Al visited Bruce and me years back, he tought me the finer elements of his version of Asian and Hawaiian cooking. He was the master. He was a joy. During that visit, he told me that the above photo was his favorite. I therefore offer this playful photo for remembering a great man.



ARTHUR E. JOHNSON
CR MODEL ERNIE

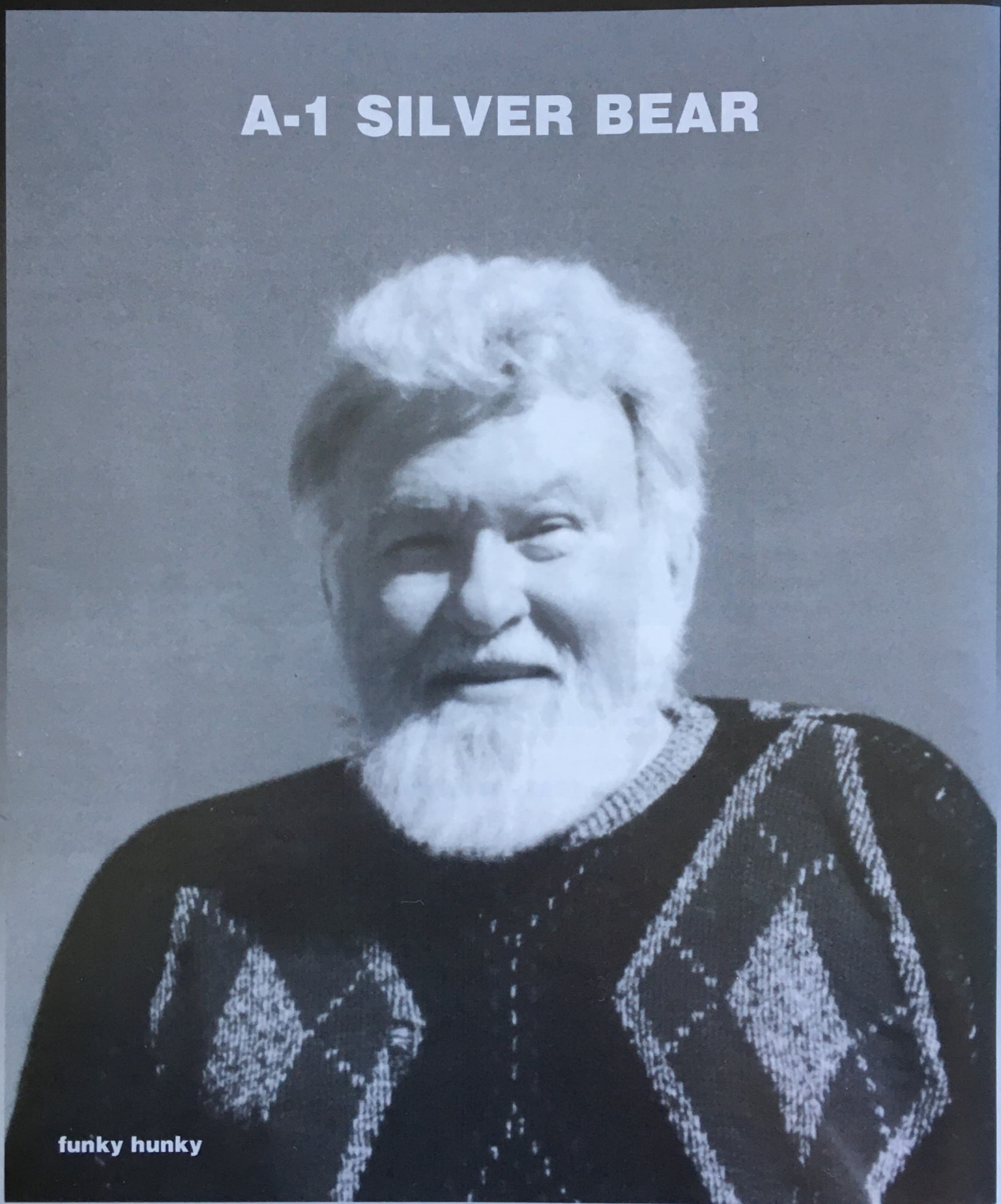
January 20, 1925 - November 24, 2001

We were recently advised that Art died at Heartland Hospital in Fargo, North Dakota, from complications due to diabetes.

Art was born in Minneapolis and moved to Fargo with his parents. He attended school in Fargo and Moorhead, graduating from Moorhead High School. He studied accounting at Michigan State University, Lansing. Later he managed a steak house in Lansing and later attended culinary school in New York City. From 1963 to 1966, he worked as a quartermaster on several merchant marine ships worldwide, then moved to San Francisco, where he was manager of the Marine Memorial Officers Club until his retirement in 1982. Later he worked part time at the Anderson Funeral Home in San Francisco until 1989, whereupon he become active in a local Girth & Mirth club. In 1993, he returned to Fargo with his companion, Eddy.

As of this writing, there is no word about the status of Eddy.

A-1 SILVER BEAR



funky hunky

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If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send a sharply focused, well-contrasted, HIGH QUALITY 35 mm color or black and white photo of yourself. Do not send marginal snapshots; Polaroids; sex shots with obvious or simulated penetration or masturbation; photos with half your head or penis missing; portraits of yourself standing too far away; or prints with spots, lines, or ink marks that shouldn't be there. Electronic images okay, provided via zip or cd in high resolution.

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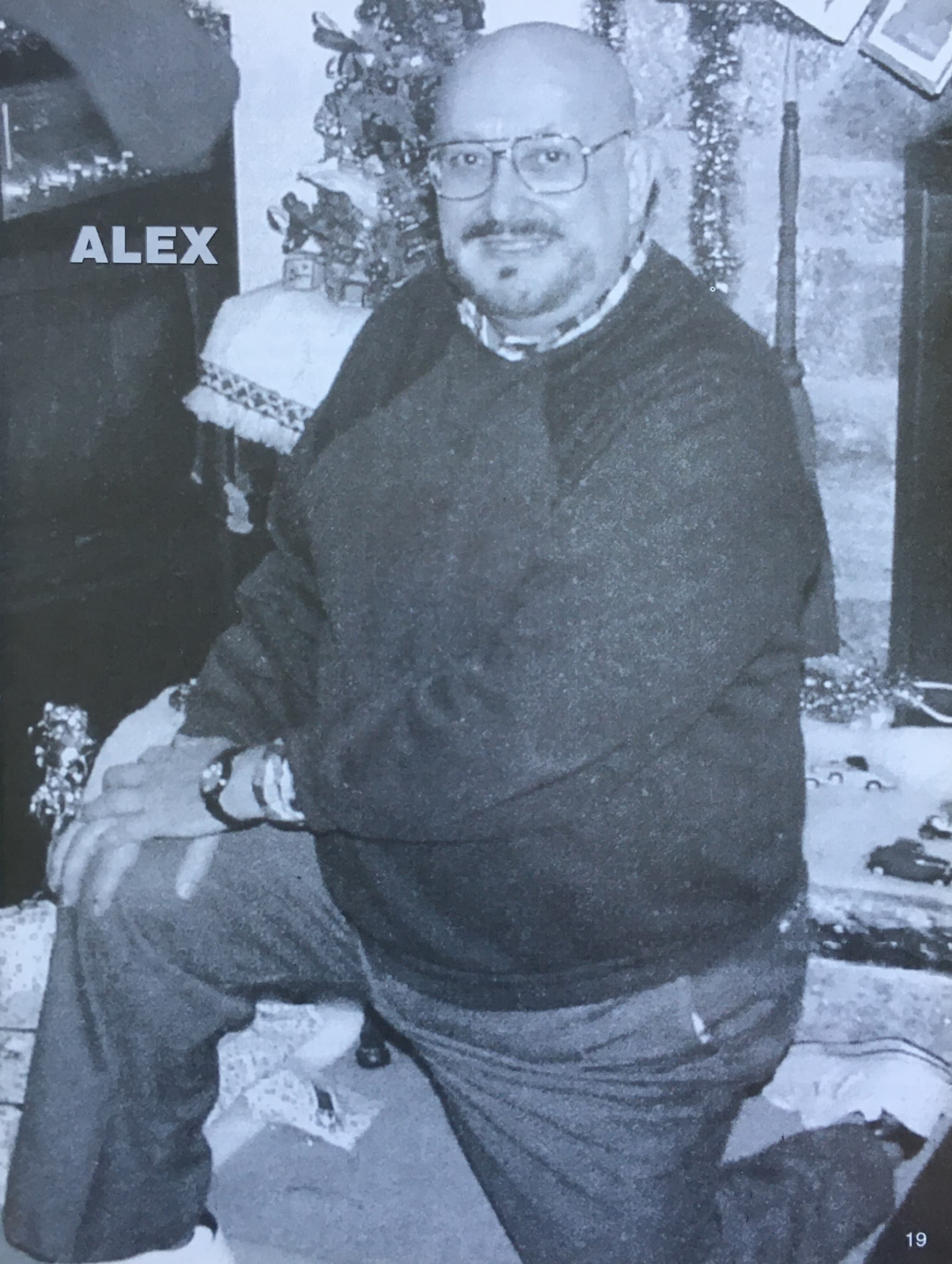
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(103) LOOKING FOR SOULMATE: 51 yo, 6 ft., 180# gray/light brown hair, in search of younger man for monogamous LTR. I'm active, athletic, top, very romantic, an arts professional. I love travel, beaches, dancing. I'm not a bear-type guy (sorry). Prefer slim, fit men, any race, who are hardworking, sincere, devoted. Photo gets mine. E-mail: wrenhouse@yahoo.com

ARKANSAS

(103) ARKANSAS/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 70, 5'-10-1/2", 175#, gray/white/balding hair, uncut medium, hairy. Looking for mature, masculine person who is interested in friend or companionship to share life and home with. Photo and phone number appreciated. Write: Bud, 121 Colt Dr., Hot Springs, AR 71913.

CALIFORNIA-NORTH

(V) BAY AREA: 71 years young, 5'-10", 190#, white hair, blue eyes, smooth skin, "average" build. Healthy and financially secure, but in need of another mature, sexy man in my life. Want someone special to sleep, eat, travel, share ups and down with. Passion and affection is what I need on a daily basis, but until that one special man shows up I am open to dating, massage exchanges, 3-ways, and fuck buddies. Not into drugs, please, youngsters, hairy or "hung" men. Come join me in the hot tub and for a massage. Bill Jones, 21 Portofino Rd., San Rafael, CA 94901. E-mail: billwjones@aol.com

(V) GAM, 35, 5'-8", 165#, sincere, honest, attractive, professional, former gymnast, seeks YOU for friendship and more. I enjoy a variety of activities from movies to short trips. Chemistry is the key. Prefer gentlemen in the SF Bay Area for possible meeting. Photo appreciated and will be returned. Don't let my code name discourage you. Write: **ASIANTOP** or E-mail Asiantop@aol.com

(V) SAN JOSE: WM, 59, tall, slim, good health. Interested in LTR with senior, 65+. I am friendly with good sense of humor, open and honest. Looking for same. I enjoy nature, outdoors, tennis, swimming, fishing, among other outdoor activities. Am very open-minded and willing to give 110% to the right person. It's possible I could relocate if necessary. If interested, let's see what else we have in common. Reply to **IMFIDDLER**, or e-mail IMFiddler@aol.com.

(V) BAY AREA: Looking for dominant, country gentleman, 55+ to spank and love me. I am a bad boy, 65 years young, looking for take-charge man to keep me in line. I will cater to your needs. (415) 441-5191, or e-mail: scoldmepls@aol.com

CALIFORNIA-SOUTH

(V) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: R.U. romantic? Talented? Playful? Like older men? This masculine couple in an open relationship seeks other horny men. We are talented, playful and enjoy similar. We are both hairy and fun. You be too. Fred: 67, 5'-10", 195#, experienced, hairy, cut. Gene: 78, 5'-7", 155#, hairy, beard, cut. Both HIV negative. You must be too. Write: Fred M., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510, or call (818) 762-3675, from 9 am to midnight, PST.

(V) LIFE PARTNER WANTED: Retired GWM, 63, 5'-11", 190#, nonsmoker, So. California area, desires GWM, 55-70, under 5'-10", for LTR. I can travel and relocate anywhere. Photo and phone exchange. Write: **CAL**

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Wild Bill, GWM, 60, 6 ft., 220#, HIV negative. Enjoys safe sex, travel, movies, dining. Clean-shaven, nonsmoker. Write: WILD BILL, or telephone (619) 364-6692.

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles senior Bear, 5'-9", 225#, hairy, uncut, CR model, HIV negative, looking for other Senior/Bear types to correspond with. Would especially enjoy finding someone to travel with (locally or ???). I'm pretty "laid back" but not yet quite dead. Enjoy movies, theater, books, animals, food . . . you know . . . the good life. Not looking for a "sugar-daddy" and not looking to *be* a sugar-daddy. E-mail me at Silenus2@earthlink.net or write me at: Silenus Honey, 5152 LaVista Ct., Los Angeles, CA 90004-1535. Either way . . . a picture of you is a must! (Full figure nude with face showing is best.) I'll respond with the same. Blessed be!

(V) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/WEST ORANGE COUNTY: WM, 60s, 5'-11", 190#, seeks pen- pals and good friends. Gladly exchange photos. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Will answer all. **ALSJCAL**

(V) SAN DIEGO COUNTY/SOUTHERN CA: Whimsical 72, 6 ft., 165#, GWM, gray/hazel, clean-shaven, seeks honest, intelligent, slim, 30-40s, clean-shaven, affectionate man who is sincerely appreciative of older men. I like humor, being at home, antiques, simple life. Light drink/smoke okay. No drugs. I am HIV negative, oral and a bottom. Use a cane for walking. Your heart and mind more important than looks. Your photo (will return) will get a prompt reply. I do not have E-mail. Write: M. Murphy, P.O. Box 2206, Carlsbad, CA 92018, or call (760) 434-2336.

(V) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Single, mature GWM, 62, 5'-8", 165#, muscular, 8+X6C. VERY oral/tit/tactile/reciprocal/safe a/p. HIV negative and STD free. Seeks mature furry playmates. Can host in Palm Springs. Call: (760) 318-8865, or e-mail: wolfpeter@dc.rr.com

(V) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: WWM, 57, 5'-8", 150#, uncut, trim, in-shape, HIV negative, well-travelled, cosmopolitan, retired, in search of successful, secure, healthy gentleman around 70+ till eternity, French active, for short visits, vacations or cruises. Your photo and telephone number will get prompt reply. Write: **BUM OF THE BEACH**, or E-mail: Bum_of_the_beach@prodigy.net

(V) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, late 60s, single, 6'-3", 230#, hairy, no smoke or drugs, limited social drinker, retired, self-sufficient, HIV negative, sense of humor, passionate, lots of love to give. Enjoy travel, music, old autos, friends. Want a long term relationship with a trim best friend, lover, honest, monogamous, sensual, with most aforementioned qualifications. **ANXIOUS**. E-mail: K2Trail@aol.com

(V) ORANGE COUNTY/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Wanted: WM over 50, HIV negative, who likes to sit back and relax and be serviced by experienced WM, 55. I have years experience servicing older men. Give me a try. You won't be disappointed. Looking for LTR. E-mail Robert at: ISBDNSC@aol.com

(105) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/HIGH DESERT: Two guys, 64 and 62, seek others under 60 for sex and friendship. Both retired. Interested in touching, cuddling and kink if that's good for you. Cowboys, bikers and regular folks welcome. Pix on p33, issue 101. E-mail: donkgeorgem@aol.com, or call (760) 242-1996.

((105) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/SAN DIEGO: GWM, 61, 5'-8", 185#, healthy, HIV negative, nonsmoker, retired. I like to gym, swim, bike, walk, take care of house/yard and volunteer in gay and HIV communities. I enjoy musicals, humor, friends, all arts/media, history, reading, ocean, short trips. I try to be environmentally sensitive. Seeking boyfriend/LTR. Write: Dennis, #130, 3156 - 5th Ave., San Diego, CA 92103-5839

COLORADO

(V) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: If you are truly sincere and caring, please read on. This show biz veteran, 68 (yes, I can still perform!!!), and former university teacher, longs for a beautiful relationship with a younger, trim, masculine GM. I am an honest, kind, fun-loving gentleman. Relocating considered. Please write: **STILL PERFORMING**

(104) HAWAIIAN HEART: Colorado GWM, 49, 6 ft., 180#, looking for lover and/or travel partners. Loves passionate hugs. Likes to cook and study nature. Can host travelers. Also looking for hosts around the world. Hawaiian Heart (303) 650-4007 or e-mail: toursguide@msn.com

(V) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE 70, 6'-1", 290#, affectionate, loving, caring, seeking compatible person, 45+. Friendship now. Possibilitties for future relationship. Write: **A-1 SILVER BEAR**

CONNECTICUT

(104) CENTRAL CT/NATIONWIDE: This 62 yo retired educator who is 5'-8" and 230#, hairy body, is looking for a younger person who knows himself and knows that life is a journey filled with adventures worth taking and enjoying. Looking for a caring, monogamous relationship with someone who likes beaches, music, theater and learning new things. Write: **CTGAY5** or e-mail CtGay5@aol.com

(V) CONNECTICUT: Uncle or dad type is looking for trim to muscular younger person who enjoys being loved and serviced by an older gentleman. Has a huge collection of collector Swan, CR Classics, Chiron Rising issues for sale. E-mail Uncle Alex at ialk@altavista.com

FLORIDA

(V) TAMPA BAY/FLORIDA: GWM, 51, 5'-11", 189#, HIV negative. I've been in an open relationship with a 75-year-old man for 11 years. Looking for Daddies over 57 for friendship and play. Gray hair and blue eyes are a plus. E-mail me at: PaxPars@aol.com

(V) FT. MYERS: GWM, 45, 6'-1", 208#, intelligent, good-looking, masculine, athletic, tan, 7-1/2 cut, discreet, HIV negative, Fr and Gr A & P. Love to cuddle. Seeks same who is 58-75, virile, distinguished, good build, very HAIRY! Also want to hear from STRETCH II, JEFF WHITE, TANGO, JACK B. TECUMSEH, please. Photos-letters to J.J.K., 9209 Coral Isle Way, Ft. Myers, FL 33919.

(V) GULF COAST FLORIDA: Man-loving 68 y/o WM, HIV negative, educated. Retired for many years. Am 5'-9", 160#, smooth body, 5-1/2" cut. Enjoy cuddling, conversation, health, no smoke/drugs, seeking similar man, 55-75, height/weight in proportion. Photo exchanged. Write **QOF**

(V) FLORIDA: GWM, 74, HIV negative, 5'-4", well endowed, likes kissing, caressing, cuddling, lots of foreplay, movies, flea markets, beach, dining out, humor. Looking for same. Uncuts a must. **DOLPHIN**

(V) CAPE CORAL/FLORIDA: GWM, 68, 230#, bald, s & p mustache, tan, hairy body, retired university professor, single, enjoy traveling, camping, nudity, gardening, theater, cooking, woodworking, etc. Affectionate, outgoing, enjoy lots of body contact, cuddling. HIV negative, CR model DIXIE DICK. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. Seeing friends in my new home, travel companions to share expenses and fun. Letter and photos to: Dick, 30 S.E. 23rd Place, Cape Coral, FL 33990-1453, or e-mail: dixiedick69@yahoo.com

(102) SEEK SENIOR FRIENDS: Clearwater, FL GWM, masculine, slender, average size, 55 y/o, 5'-7", 147#, drug, smoke and D-D free. You be too. In search of masculine, 65-80 y/o. I am very loving, versatile, caring. Work with computers. Seek a man whose ultimate goal, like mine, is to develop a solid, honest LTR. Perhaps you are that man? Relocation considered. Write: **EDLO** or E-mail: Edlo10@juno.com

(V) FLORIDA: 65, 6'-2", 205#, gray/brown hair, blue eyes, HIV negative, affectionate, love to cuddle, love to kiss, love to give and get tongue baths. Looking for younger (30-50), masculine man for good times and see what develops. Your photo gets quick reply. Write: **FRENCHY**

(V) FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10", 200#, CR model (#92, page 42). Interested in seniors, 60 and up for friendship and more. Also have all issues of CR from 1990 if anyone is interested in purchasing. Write: **FT. LAUDERDALE RON** - E-mail: SRTEE1@bellsouth.net

(104) HONDA MAN: GWM, 73, 5'-7", 152#, seeking fit, nonsmoker, drug-free, light drinker, 30 to 60 y/o for casual or LTR. I am balding, brown hair, blue eyes. My likes: gym, computer, theater, travel and gardening. Write: **HONDA MAN**, or e-mail: RAM269@aol.com

GEORGIA

(V) ATLANTA: GM, 54, 5'-11", 170#, blue eyes, dark black hair, thick six-inches cut, seeking all big and heavy older seniors, ages 55-90, with huge, round overhanging bellies, weight from 310# - 380#. Seeking any race. Enjoy hugging, kissing, fondling, Greek top, French A-P, mutual J/O. Your nude photos with phone get prompt

reply. Hozie James, P.O. Box 17994, Atlanta, GA 30316.

(V) ROSWELL: GWM, 83, 5'-10", 220#, brown eyes, gray/white hair, 5" cut, widower, retired teacher, affectionate, masculine, seeking nonsmoker, no drugs, moderate drinker, 60-85, for friendship, pen-pal and more. Enjoy hugging kissing, fondling, mutual J/O, French A/P. Your photo and phone number get prompt reply. Write: **ROBI**

ILLINOIS

(V) CHICAGO AREA: 6'-1-1/2", 205#, 69-year-old Grandaddy Bear Top wants a big, strong, heavy-set, athletic, cub bear, bottom son. Hairy or smooth okay. J.L., P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161.

(V) CHICAGO/NATIONWIDE: 41, 5'-9", 165#, blue eyes, masculine, sincere, caring, nonsmoker. Interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. I seek a man over 60 for passionate, long-term relationship and life together. Your photo will get a prompt reply. Joe, 502 Redondo Dr., Apt. 409, Downers Grove, IL 60516

IOWA

(V) SOUTHEAST IOWA - NATIONWIDE: I am 41 years old of East Indian, Scots, Irish and African background, 5'-8" tall and weigh 200#. I am into music of most kinds, sports, and old movies. I love to eat at interesting restaurants (Chinese, Italian and All American) and love to attend shows and travel. Love quiet evenings with a friend or loved one. Write: **HERB** or e-mail: bkatchay@iwc.edu

KANSAS

(V) N.E. KANSAS/NATIONWIDE: Retired 60s, 5'-10", 6" uncut, 165#, bald with close clip, many and varied interests. French active, Greek passive. Bottom in search of top, over 40. **KANSAS RUSS**

KENTUCKY

(V) KENTUCKY: GWM, 37, 5'-8", 134#, slim muscular build, brown hair, blue eyes, perfect 6-1/4 cut. Exhibitionist, loves nudity. Seeks men 50+ only! Old timers, grandfathers, seniors are welcome. Discretion is required. Must be masculine and not too heavy. Couples, clergy and married get priority. Write: Mark A. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165.

MARYLAND

(103) MARYLAND--NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, seeks other males in Baltimore, surrounding states, or nationwide. I am 5'-7", 150#, brown hair, hazel eyes. I have varied interests. Seek 50-70 mature males for fun, good times. **STEVE OF MARYLAND**

MICHIGAN

(V2) DETROIT AREA: late fifties, 6 ft., 180#, single. Likes men over 60, nonsmoker, light drinker, no drugs, financially secure. Interests are wide but include travel, reading, computers, movies, scuba, sports. Favorite pastime is spending time with someone special. Write: **CRLVR**, or e-mail: crlvr@aol.com

(V) NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: Single, white, youthful looking senior, 6 feet, 175 pounds, blue eyes, brown balding hair, sport well-trimmed beard. My interests are manyfold: arts, antiques, books, old cars and motorcycles, bridge, automobile trips, travel, music, theater and opera. Good cooking as well. Race and age no barrier. French active and passive; Greek active and passive. **OUTREACHING**

(V) NW Suburban Detroit: Would like to find "that special" friend, companion, future partner. I'm GWM, 52, 5'-8", 175#, moderately hairy, nonsmoker. I enjoy being home as well as traveling (even weekend getaways). I also enjoy reading, theater, most music, classic cars, golf and affectionate conversation. I'm looking for a GWM, 40-55, with moderately hairy (to bear) with similar interests. Please write: **HOMEBODY**

(102) MICHIGAN/NEW YUORK/FLORIDA/NATIONWIDE: Bottom, GBM, 54, 5'-9", 170#, HIV negative, muscular, masculine, trim, hard body, sensitive tits and body, firm buns. Loves theater, movies, sports. Seeks a top, nonsmoking, trim GM, any race, 55-75, for relationship, one-on-one. Write: **BUNS OF STEEL**

MINNESOTA

(V) TWIN CITIES: GWM, 56, 6'-1", 230#. Enjoy friendship with men in 50s or 60s. Prefer oral sex, no anal. Your picture gets picture of me. Write: **WAG** or e-mail: C R Wag 2@aol.com (note three spaces)

MISSOURI

(V) KANSAS CITY/NATIONWIDE: WM, early 70s, 6'-2", 210#, nonsmoker, nondrinker, looking for young man, very clean and disease-free, swimmer's build preferred, circumcised, smaller is better. E-mail: Luvr1313@aol.com *(Note corrected e-mail address. If you responded before and your message was returned, please try again.)*

(V) ST. LOUIS/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 41, 6'-7", 240#, bottom. Artist, spiritual, kind, sincere, stable, educated. Seeking compatible spirits to share ideas, feelings, experiences, and eventually life. Interests include textile arts, old cars, music, Monopoly, people, writing, and much more. Write: Jon J., P.O. Box 1962, St. Louis, MO 63118 or e-mail Chinup@aol.com

NEVADA

(102) RENO BOUND? Writer, 68, lover, 34, like to meet you. Interests: architecture, railroads, travel. Nonsexual. (775) 329-2474.

(V) NORTHERN NEVADA/CALIFORNIA AREA: Reno, Nevada resident, retired, SGWM chubby chaser, 58 years young, 180#, beard, DD free, nonsmoker, social drinker. Likes: travel, movies, bowling, sex. Seeking: chubby/overweight WM, 50+, 250+ lbs., hairy or smooth, for friendship and/or more. Write: HUT4CHUBBEAR or e-mail: hunt4chub_069@yahoo.com

NEW JERSEY

(V) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 69, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

(102) NEWARK/MAPLEWOOD AREA: GWM, 63, 6'-2", 195#, 7" uncut, short beard. Me: live alone. Seek friendship with sex. Prefer manly, retired seniors. You: must live nearby (NJ, Manhattan, N.E. PA). I'll drive half way to meet first time. Tom (973) 416-5452, no machine, keep trying.

(V) NEW JERSEY AREA: GWM, 70, 5'-8", retired literature professor, bottom. Seeks handsome black top for loving relationship, 30-50. Enjoy local nude beach, walks on beach, cooking and poetry. In excellent health. Send photo with letter to: Dr. Richard A. George, 96 Mount Pleasant Ave., West Orange, NJ 07052.

(103) NEW JERSEY: True friends, real people sought by 48 yo GWM for friendship, fun and maybe more. Chubby bearguy seeks guys about 15-20 years younger. Prefer slender with black or red hair, but not a must. Like Latinos and dark-skinned Caucasians. Hairy is also nice. Spiritual and metaphysical studies of prime interest. Enjoy reading, cuddling, Italian food, and oral sex; though not ALL at the same time. NO DRUGS, ALCOHOL or CIGARETTES. I am quiet, reserved, somewhat reclusive and shy. Send me your pix, likes, needs, desires, wants, dreams, and contact info to David S. Bernstein, P.O. Box 2018, Teaneck, NJ 07666, or E-mail: davidrsc@bellatlantic.net

NEW MEXICO

(103) NEW MEXICO/SANTA FE AREA/NATIONWIDE: Young 74, 6 ft., 185#, healthy, clean, nonsmoker/drinker, enjoys music, movies, arts, quiet evenings at home. Friendship leading to a possible relationship. Will answer all. Write: Ed, 6559 Robin, Cochiti Lake, NM 87083.

NEW YORK

(V) NEW YORK CITY AND VICINITY: GWM, 53, 5'-9", 185#, affectionate, warm, cuddler, very furry body, bald on top, mustache, seeks stocky to heavy guy with smooth body for massage, gentle body touching. Also seek same as friend to attend theater, movies, dining, museums, lots more. Please respond with letter, phone, photo, e-mail address to: **FUN IN MANHATTAN**

(V) BROOKLYN, NY/NATIONWIDE - COUPLE: 58 and 55, in search of men with same interests, such as theater, country music, social

nudity, small intimate gatherings, kissing, cuddling, mutual J/O and safe sex. No booze or smokes. 50 plus is a plus. Couples or singles. Write: **DUMPY & DAISEY**

(V) NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, MIDWEST: PSGWM, 60, 5'-10", portly, hairy, affectionate, likes older men. Interests include fine arts, nature, history, sports. Can achieve multiple climax under right chemistry. Can travel some. Your photo gets prompt reply. **HONEYCREEPER**

(V) LONG ISLAND/NYC AREA: GWM, 5'-8", 205#, 36, seeks GWM, 60-80, heavy, preferably 275-400#. Into safe sex, from cuddling to kink. No LTR. Just some occasional fun times. HIV negative and expect same. Write to J.M., P.O. Box 2881, Ronkonkoma, NY 11779.

(V) NATIONWIDE: Affectionate, playful, straight-acting, educated, HIV negative, GW Daddy, 58, 5'-11", 185#, seeks ticklish, submissive, HIV negative, GW son, 25-45. Stripping, tickling, teasing, horseplay, hugs, kisses, cuddling, tongue baths, body kisses, massages, showers together, safe sex. Optional light spanking. Relocation possible. R.P., P.O. Box 462, NY, NY 10156.

(103) NEED COMPANION FOR TRAVEL/THEATER: GSM, 67, retired professor, theater/dance critic, wants companions for travel, also free reviewer's guest tickets to NW New York and Ontario theaters. No strings. Open to non-role-playing, painless, oral play. E-mail: simpsonphd@cs.com For info and photos: http://pages.about.com/simpsonphd/

OHIO

(V) SW OHIO: GBM (café au lait), 57, 5'-10", 210#, FrA/P, GrA, semiretired PR professional. Interests: current events, sports, documentaries, veterans' affairs, theater, explicit tapes of mature men. You: 50+, eager for friendship, cuddling, intimacy. Write: STRAC, 7745 Essington Circle, Dayton, OH 45459. E-mail: strac001@aol.com

(V) HANDSOME DAD WANTS BOYISH SON: 66, 6'-2", 220#, brown hair (no gray), blue eyes, clean-shaven, clean-cut, 48" hairy chest with some gray, football player's build (used to play in CA where I'm from), 7-1/2" cut, in decent shape without muscles and with a small gut, a really nice guy who likes some leather and kink. Looking for cute young "son" (over 18) with smarts, and who wants a real person to spend the rest of his life with. Still work in my own business, so I can help you relocate financially. If the idea of an older man who doesn't look or act like an older man appeals to you, drop me a line with your picture. Barry, 1742 W. 29th Place, Cleveland, OH 44113-3022, or call (216) 687-1238 before 11 pm Eastern time. E-mail: barrycal@webtv.net

OKLAHOMA

(103) NATIONWIDE/OKLAHOMA: GWM, 34, 6 ft., 185#, HIV negative, attractive, seeking honest sincere, special gentleman. I am willing to relocate for the right long-term relationship. I like comic books, quiet evenings, videos. No drugs or sex freaks. All letter with photos answered. Write: Comiccadet, 6608 N. Western Avenue (PMB 182), Oklahoma City, OK 73116.

OREGON

(103) WEST COAST NEWBEE: Sweet, sexualized, very submissive bottom, 40s looks 30s, Greek passive, French active, solid, well-proportioned, attractive, fun body and mind, friendly, caring, warm, clean-cut, professional, sensual, playful, eager to please older, mature top Chiron. Your age, size, looks not important. LTR possible. All answered. Write: **EAGERBEAVER**, or e-mail: eagerbeaver@nightmail.com

PENNSYLVANIA

(V) CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA GUY: Affectionate GWM, late 60s, 5'-8", 155#, bald and buzzed, nonsmoker, HIV negative, likes music, theater and travel. Enjoys all aspects of intimacy and virtually all sexual activity. Anxious to meet men of all ages for friendship, pen-pal or other possibilities. Write: **DAVE OF PA**, or e-mail: Loverboy249@hotmail.com

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BUY THE CD! - SEE PAGE 75

TEXAS

(102) WHITECOWBOY: GWM, 58, 5'-9", salt and pepper hair, clean shaven. Looking for someone to share and have fun with. You can be skinny or have a few extra pounds on you. But you had better have a sense of humor. You are comfortable in a tux, jeans, or nothing at all. Write: **WHITECOWBOY**

(V) TEXAS AND ADJOINING STATES/NATIONWIDE: Affectionate, straight acting, 55 yo gay male, 5'-11", 230#, 8" cut, French A/P, Greek A. Seeking thin, 55 to 75 yo GWM or GHM bottom for a LTR. Brown or blond hair and blue yes a plus. Also uncut a plus. Hung would be nice. Lee Walker, HCR 3, Box 45Q, Del Rio, TX 78840.

(V) ABILENE: Youngish writer's aid and companion wanted in West Texas by author, 69 going on 19. Write Box 236, Abilene, TX 79604, and send picture.

(103) TEXAS/NATIONWIDE: Masculine, GWM, cute, 6 ft., 205#, brown/brown, HIV negative, well hung, 39 (looks 29), nondrinker, caring, honest, down-to-earth, nice. Seeking masculine man for a long term closed relationship. Enjoy auto shows, MCC, fairs, sex, music, outdoors, movies. Write: **RYDER**

(102) NATIONWIDE: Professional black male, 37, 190#, 6'-1", disease free, honest, polite, seeking a relationship/friendship with one secure, interesting gent, 40-70 (any race). Looks, size, weight, not important. Interests include but not limited to: travel, technology, music, movies, etc. Can relocate: E-mail: wawimate@yahoo.com

WASHINGTON

(V2) SEATTLE/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: I seek friendship with a mature, stable, fun, loving younger man. I ski, hike, sail, travel, and enjoy home. I'm single, 6'-1", 235#, 65, silverbearded, aggressive and affectionate, with many interests. LTR possible. Seek local or worldwide friend(s). Photo/phone appreciated. Sam, Box 5132, Everett, WA 98206; (206) 280-6944, or e-mail: thewaterbear@webtv.net

(V) PAC N/W MAN: SGWM, 37, 5'-10", 190#, crewcut, clean-cut, brown/brown, financially and emotionally stable, masculine, seeks 57+, masculine, disease/drug-free for LTR. Looking for top. No piercings. Write: **SKAGIT MAN** or w-mail: jttrig@gte.net

WISCONSIN

(104) CENTRAL WISCONSIN: I'm a 27 y/o 6'-2", 205#, BiWM, seeking local central Wisconsin seniors for sex and companionship. I'm sexually versatile. Anything's okay. Please send photo. Write: **PUPPY**

(105) EVERLASTING HUGS: College Educated, professional GWM, 55 yrs old, 5'-8", 178#. Do you enjoy theater, travel, movies, antique shopping, dining out, humorous conversation, cuddling on the couch, weekend get-a-ways, and lots of love, touching, and attention? So do I. Please write to me. All letters will be answered. Robert, 416 E. Broadway, Waukesha, WI 53186.

INTERNATIONAL ADVERTISERS

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers in foreign countries will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

CANADA

(V) CANADA--EAST COAST: Late 70s, 6 ft., 180#, 7" uncut, graying hair, clean-shaven, hairy, young attitude, clean, honest, sincere and sexy. Nonsmoker, nondrinker, HIV negative. Seek monogamous relationship of mutual love and caring with younger in-shape masculine guy. All safe sex, kissing, tit-play. Nice home, small university town. Great summer climate. Write: **C.B.J.**

(V) WESTERN CANADA/U.S./INTERNATIONAL: Single GWM, 56, 5'-11", 220#, HIV negative, hairy, dark brown hair, balding, mustache, horny, clean, healthy, easygoing, honest. Enjoy nudity, sunbathing, movies, travel, French A/P, kissing, cuddling, nipple play, lots of body contact. But no drugs or pain. Seeking masculine man, 50 plus, for friendship and more. Write: Parker, 225-815 Southill St., Kamloops, BC V2B - 5L9 CANADA.

(V) WESTERN CANADA PRIME TIMER: GWM, living in Central Alberta, 58, 6 ft., 250#, greyish brown hair, nonsmoker, social drinker,

good shape (played pro sports). I am living alone in the country. Looking for an older male, 60 +. I would like to meet an honest person. Please write to: Doug, P.O. Box 646, Stettler, Alberta, Canada T0C 2L0, or e-mail: candoug@aol.com

ENGLAND

(V) GREAT BRITAIN: GWM, 31, 5'-11", slim, dark hair and eyes, seeks 50-80+, UK/USA or anywhere for friendship and occasional get-togethers. I enjoy cinema, music, laser discs, DVDs, eating out, and travelling. Your recent photo will prompt an immediate response. Write: **SHERWOOD**

(101) ENGLAND: GWM, 65+, 5'-4", 150#, fit, varied interests, would like contacts, pen pals, age 65+, max 180#. Good recent photo gets mine. All replies answered. Write: **LOLLIPOP**

(V) INTERNATIONAL: Black African gay male, 31, HIV negative and drug-free. I'm 5'-10" in height, 12 stones weight, and well built. My interests include visits to the theatre, opera, old church buildings and cinema. The ideal soul mate or lover I'm seeking is as follows: educated, very mature 60 years old plus for one-to-one relationship. You must be clean shaven, well-groomed, light social drinker and cultured. Your telephone number, photograph which will be returned and e-mail address secures mine and quick correspondence. Write: **KLIMBRID**

FRANCE

(V) CANNES, FRANCE: You are my kind of a man, 50-70, very heavy (250+), hairy body, big ass, big belly, nonsmoker, no S/M. Just a normal nice guy. Me: 62, single, tall, slim, healthy, sporty golfer. I want to spoil you and share all the good things in life with you. Write: **CANNES STEVE**

(V) PARIS: GWM, 59, 5'-8", 152#, red and graying, retired, French A/P, enjoys travel, music, cooking, eating, sensitive tits, all things oral, butts, raunch (?), and surprises of any age, shape, color, or condition that are fun. I hate 19th Century opera, pain, manufactured perfumes, fanatics, and drag, but otherwise I am open to all kinds of propositions. So, if you like to laugh, try your favorite fetish with me. Please write legibly in English, French, Portuguese, Spanish or simple German. **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**

GERMANY

(V) GERMANY/AUSTRALIA: Retired policeman, 57, 5'-7", 200#, uncut, with beard and belly and sensitive nipples. French active, Greek passive. Love to kiss and cuddle. Nonsmoker. Like to travel to the USA. I am looking for a GWM, 50 to 85 for friendship and maybe LTR. A big belly is a plus. Write: **GERMAN KOALA**, or e-mail: Bellybear44@aol.com

ITALY

(V) ITALY: 28 y/o Italian man, good looking, serious, likeable and very religious. Looking for a mature priest or friar for a serious friendship and more. I'm sensitive, good natured. I want to share my spiritual life with these persons from any religion. I don't exclude sex. Write: **HANDSOME**, or e-mail Eurobuddy@hotmail.com

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS

(those with BOLD code names at the end of the ad and no address)

>> Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. Your return address must be shown on your letter to be forwarded. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, enclose one international reply coupon for every letter . Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

>> IN PENCIL ONLY, lightly write the code word in the center of the envelope.

>> Enclose $1 cash (or equivalent currency) for each letter.

>> Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS

(SAME AS ABOVE)

NOTE: CR VIPS GET FREE ADS!

IF YOU ARE A CR SUBSCRIBER AND YOUR MAILING LABEL HAS A CODE THAT INCLUDES A V OR HIGHER—OR, IF YOU HAVE SPENT OVER $200 FOR GATHERING REGISTRATIONS AND/OR OTHER MERCHANDISE OVER THE PAST FIVE YEARS—YOU ARE ENTITLED TO A FREE AD (50 WORDS OR LESS) IN EACH ISSUE UNTIL YOU TELL US TO STOP. IF YOU HAVE RENEWED OR SUBSCRIBED AT THE NEW $44 RATE, YOU HAVE A FREE ONE-YEAR AD COMING TO YOU.

PLEASE READ THIS:

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

ABOUT CR

CR Magazine is published quarterly by me, Patrick H. Colley, 62, with occasional part-time help from volunteers. Because my primary job is the care of my 81-year-old lifemate, I am forced to operate CR by triage. Therefore, I respectfully ask our readers to be tolerant of the inevitable delays, screwups and miscommunications. If I err with your subscription or order, please contact me and I will more than make it up to you.

I take sole responsibility for the content of CR, except for by-lined articles and fiction.

CR models and writers want to hear from you. Follow the instructions at the end of THE CONTACT NETWORK.

The code on your address label indicates the number of your last subscription issue. I will include a reminder note inside the front cover, so don't miss it. A "V" means you're a cool, established customer eligible for unlimited free ads for as long as you subscribe. A V2 or V3 entitles you to private favors and a LOT of pampering—within the realm of mutual civility, of course. These codes are based on total products and services purchased, not length of time with CR. A numeric code indicates that you have a credit balance for that amount.

If you would like to become a CR model, follow the instructions in BE A CR MODEL AND CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

CR Magazine does not distribute like clockwork. I will ususally post a message with an estimated distribution date of the current issue, and that message can be heard by dialing (760) 868-6371. This is a voice mail number. You must leave a message if you want direct communication.

Estimated publish dates: CR 103, 6/20/02; CR 104, 9/20/02; CR 105, 12/20/02 etc.

T.J.

jess

White Swan

ROB
HUNT

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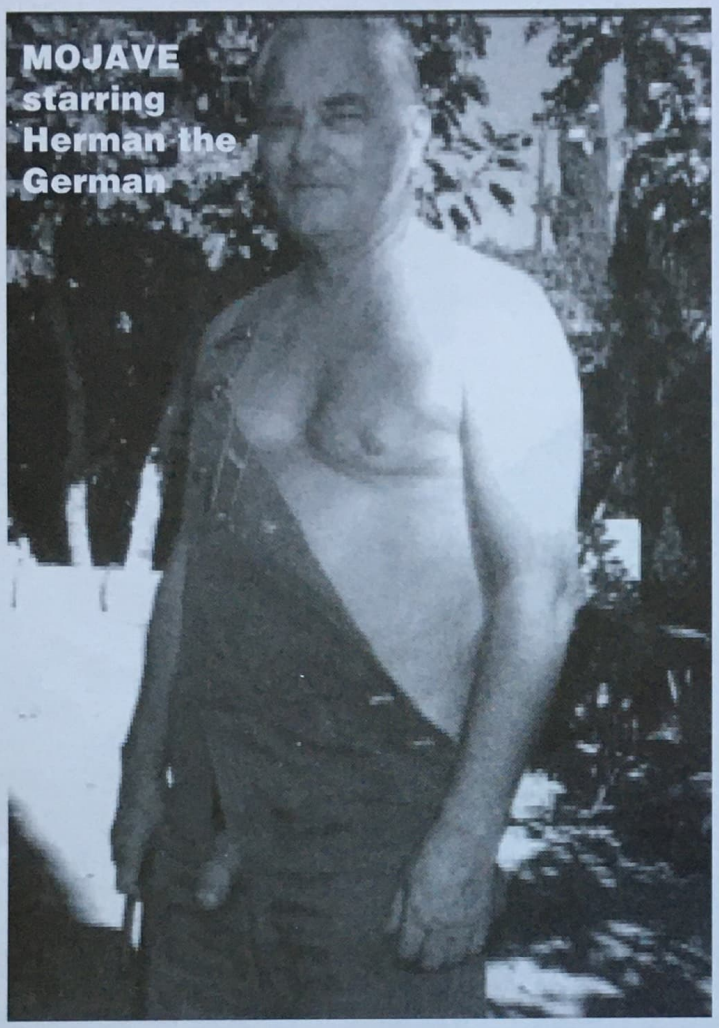

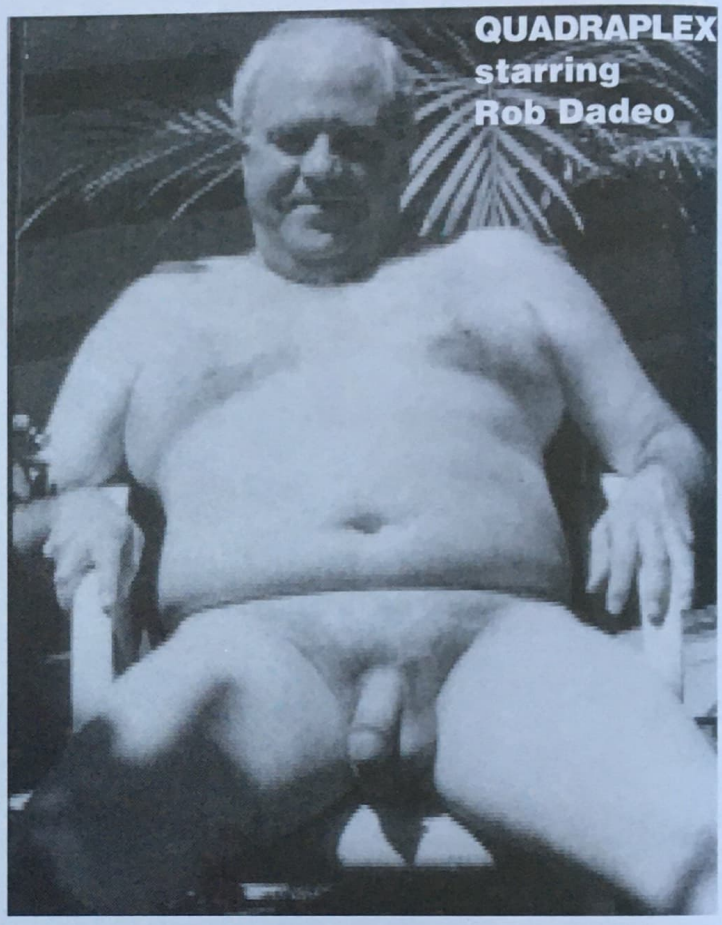

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NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____
COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____
I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on _____.
Signature: _____

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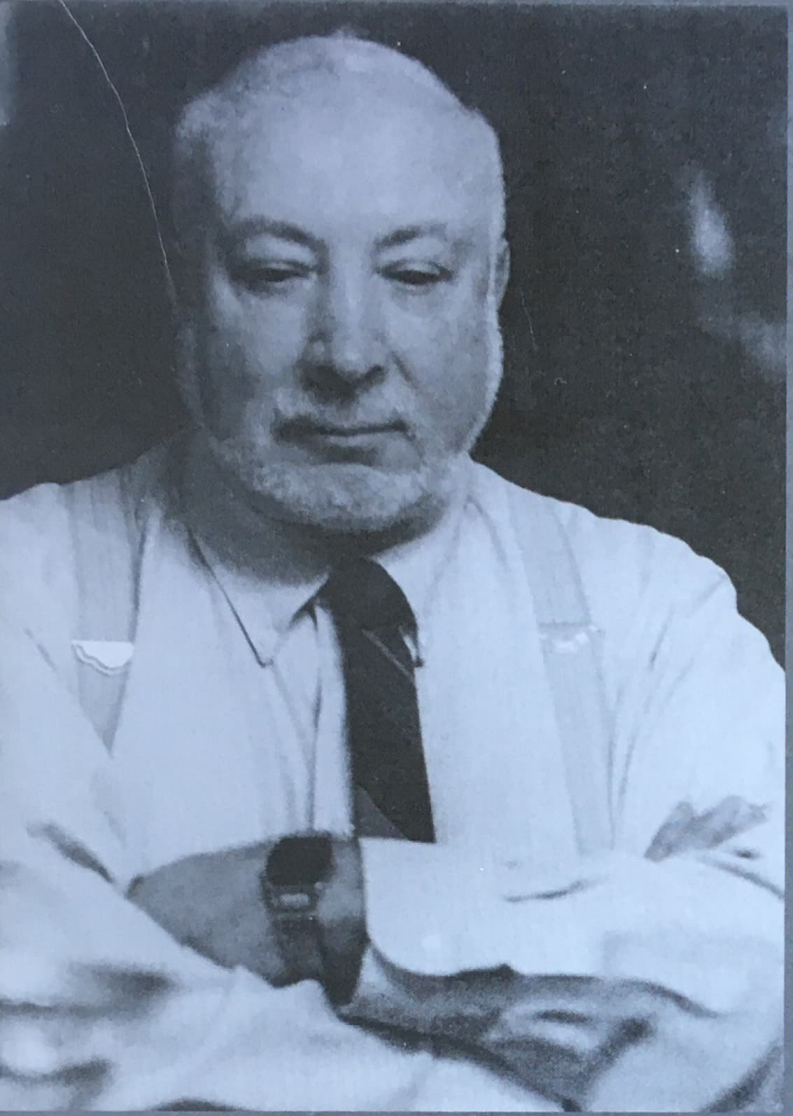
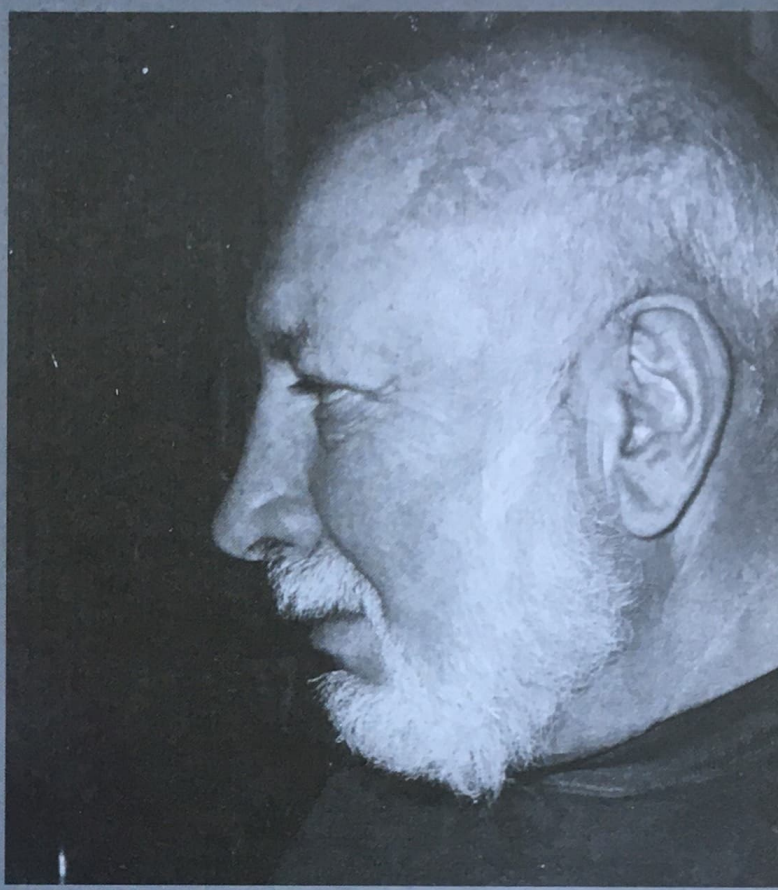
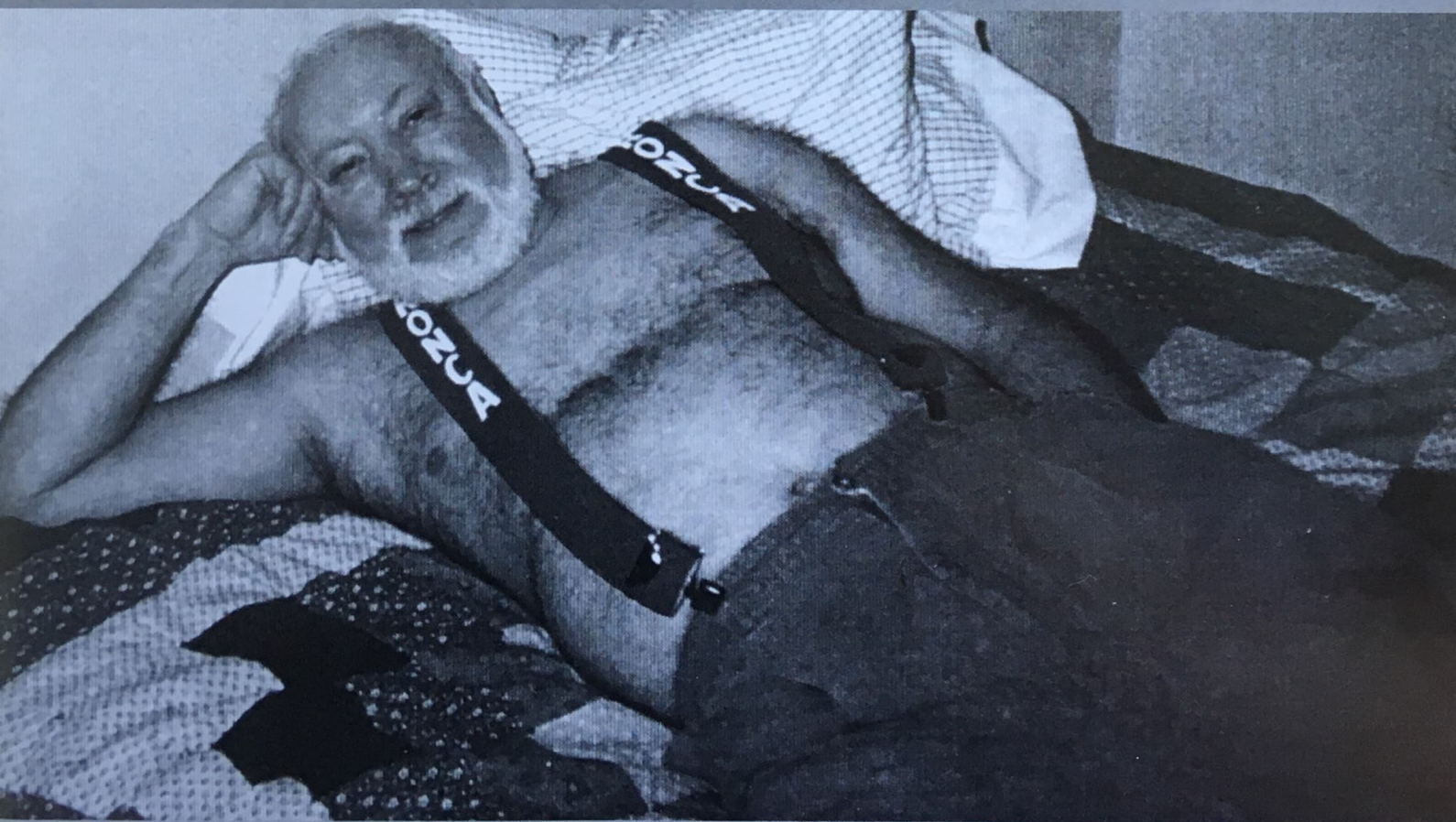


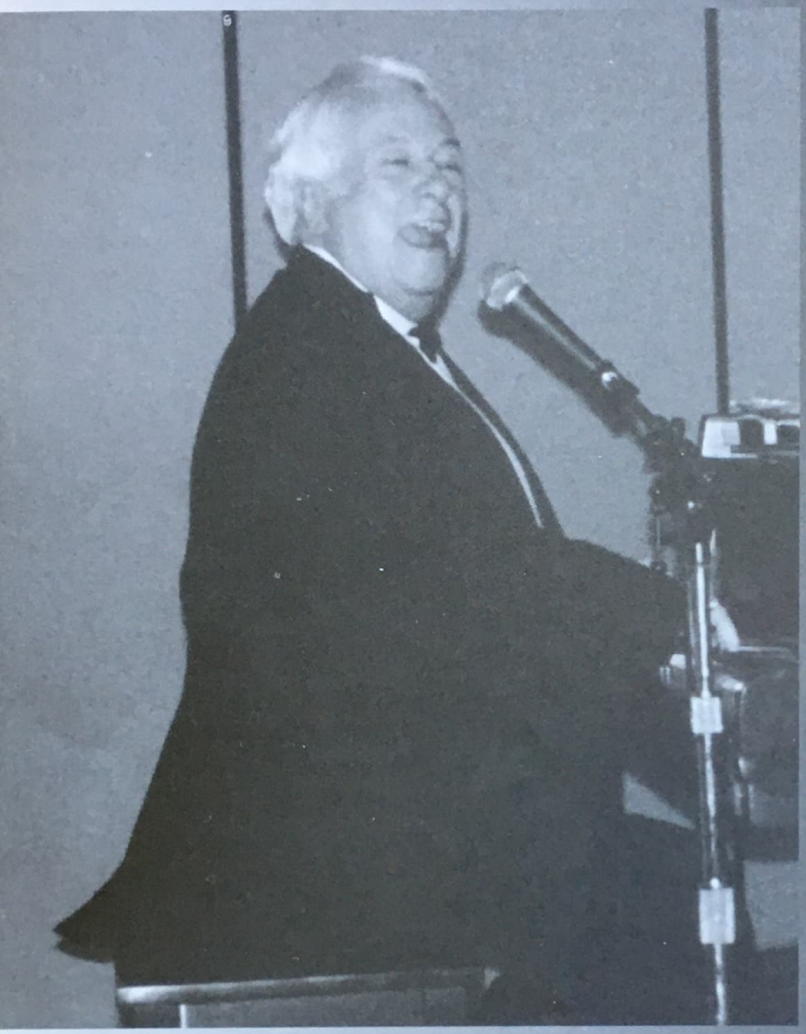




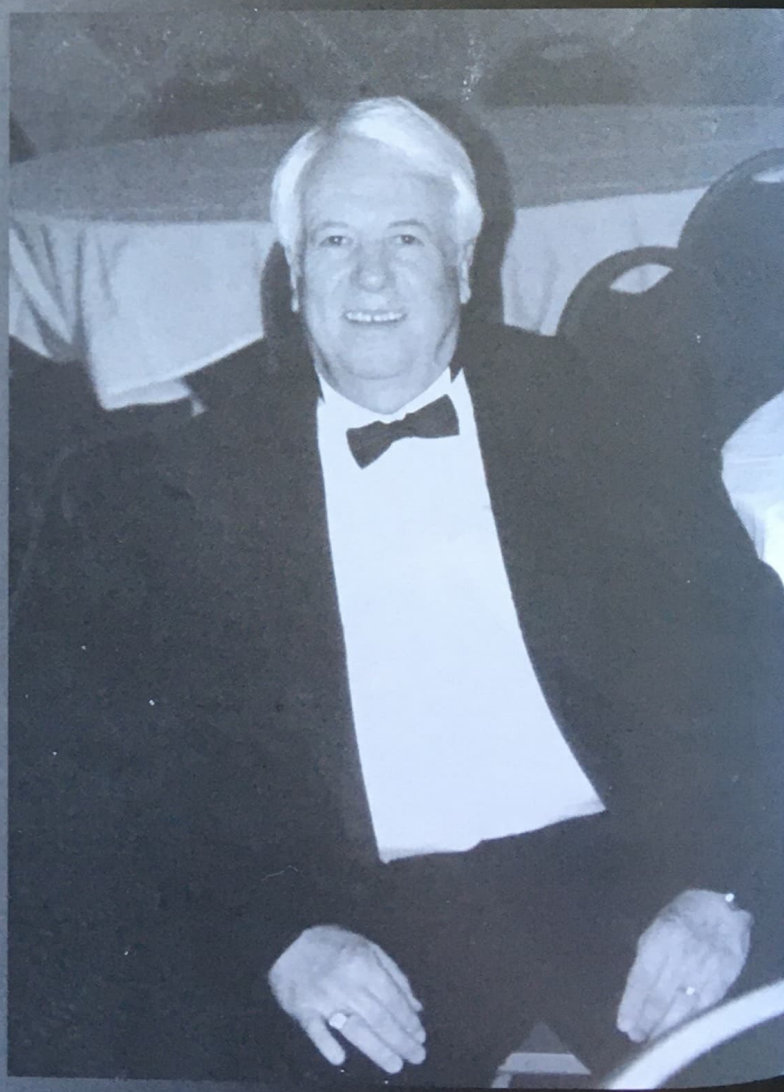
photos by charlie taylor

BILL WORRALL

A One-Man Smash Musical Comedy



PERFORMING



RESTING

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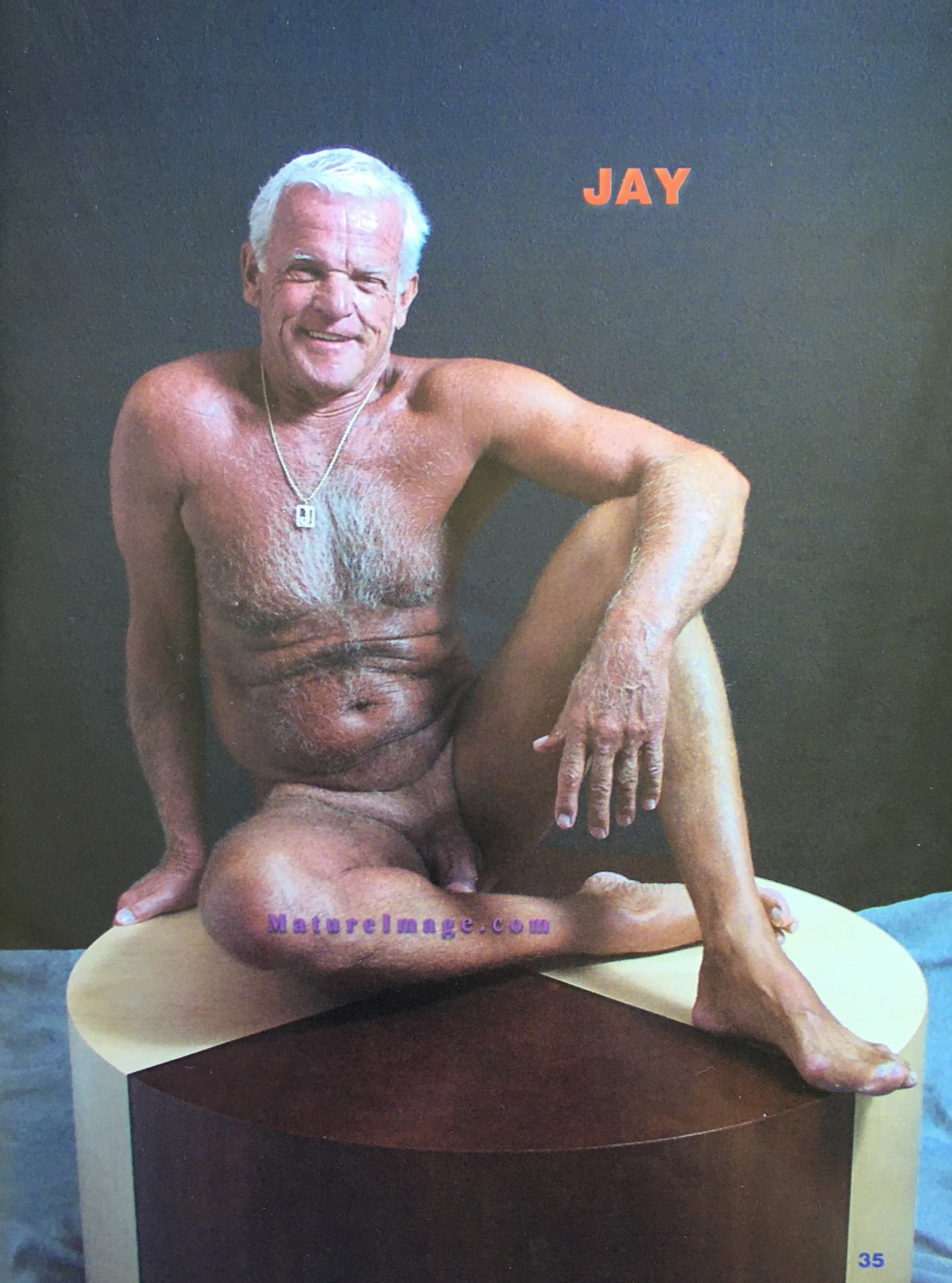
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MatureImage.com

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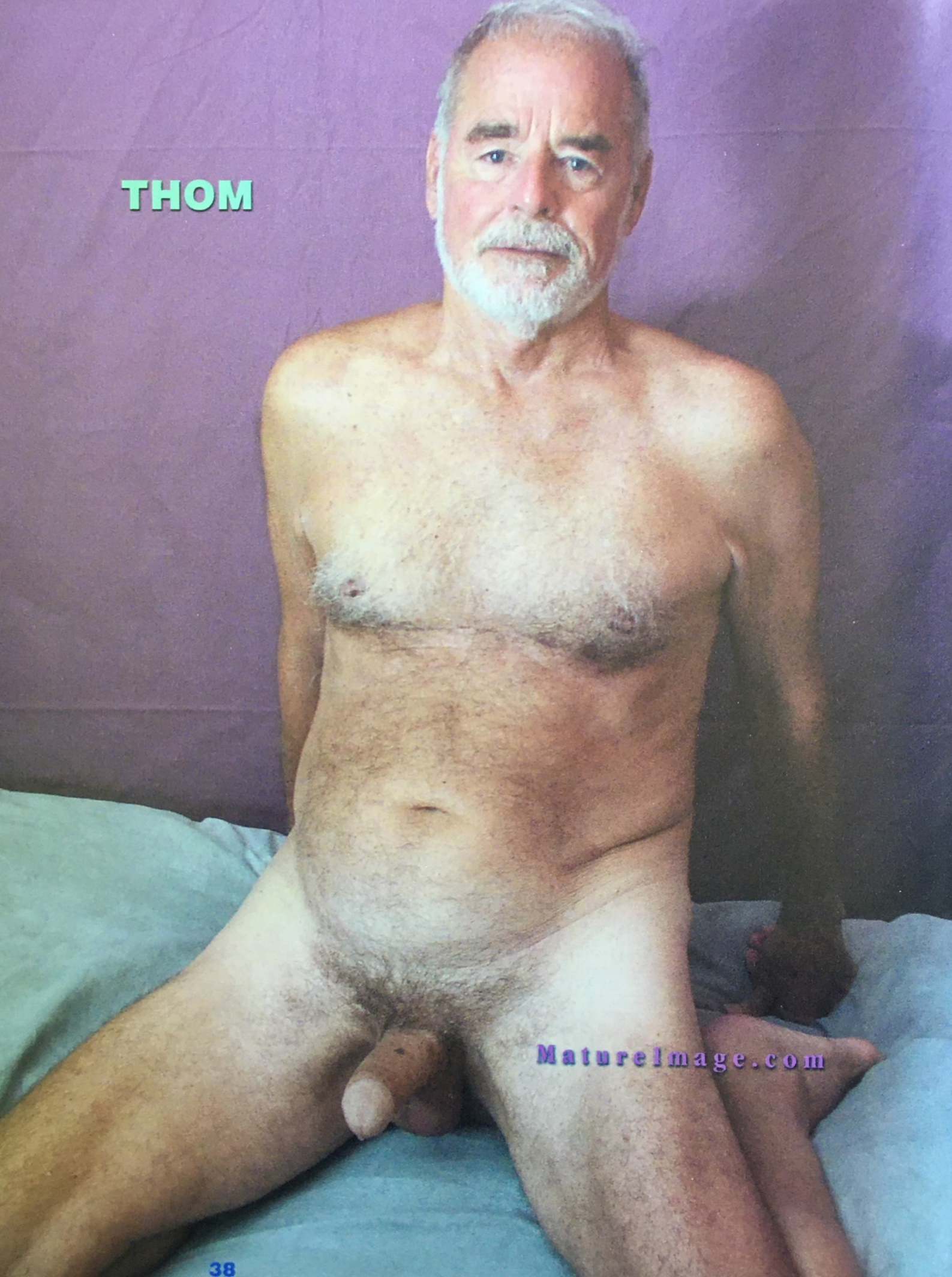
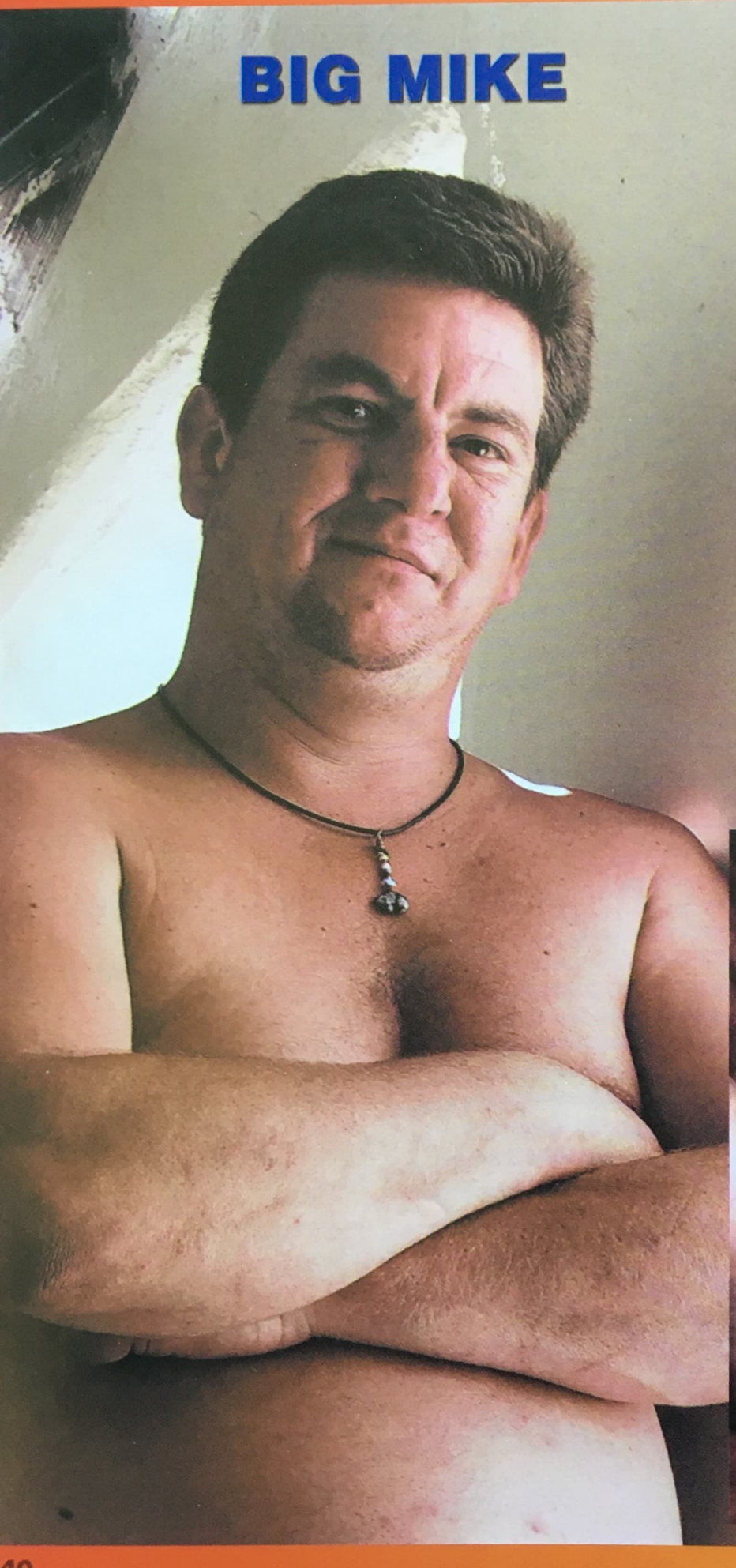
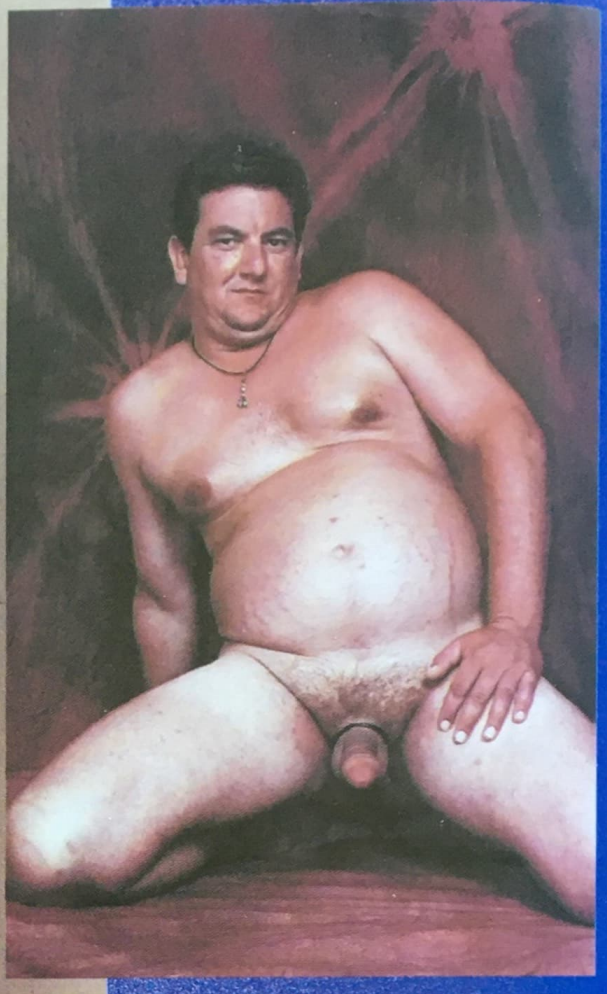

THOM
MatureImage.com

laturelmage.com

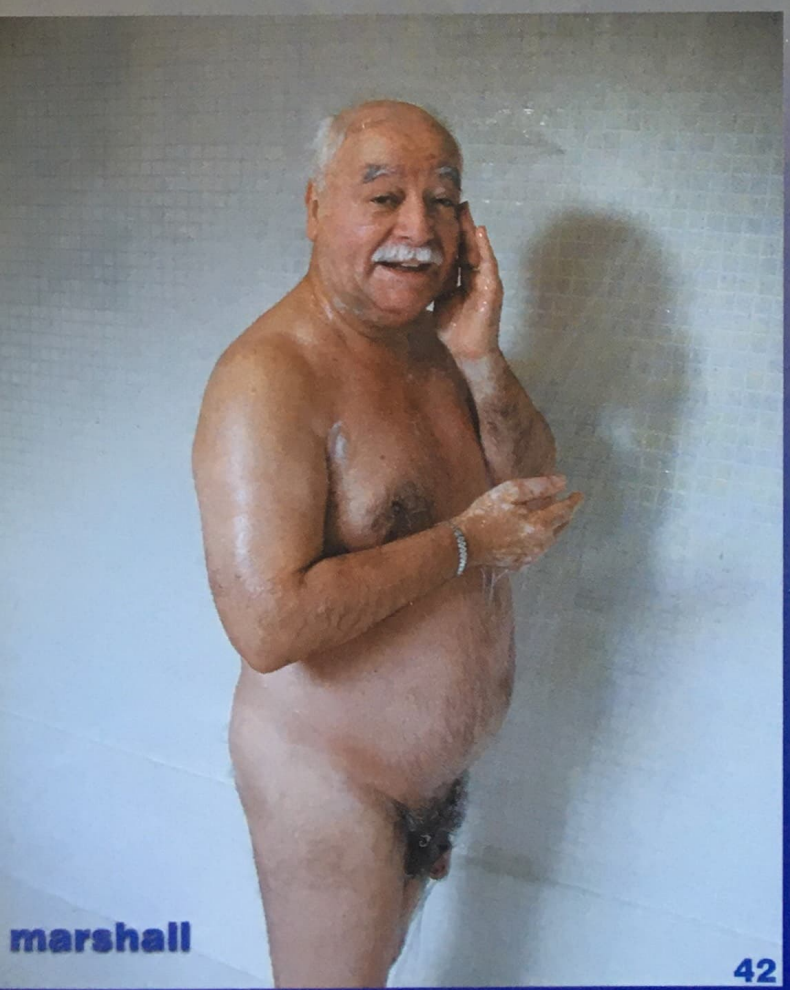
BIG MIKE

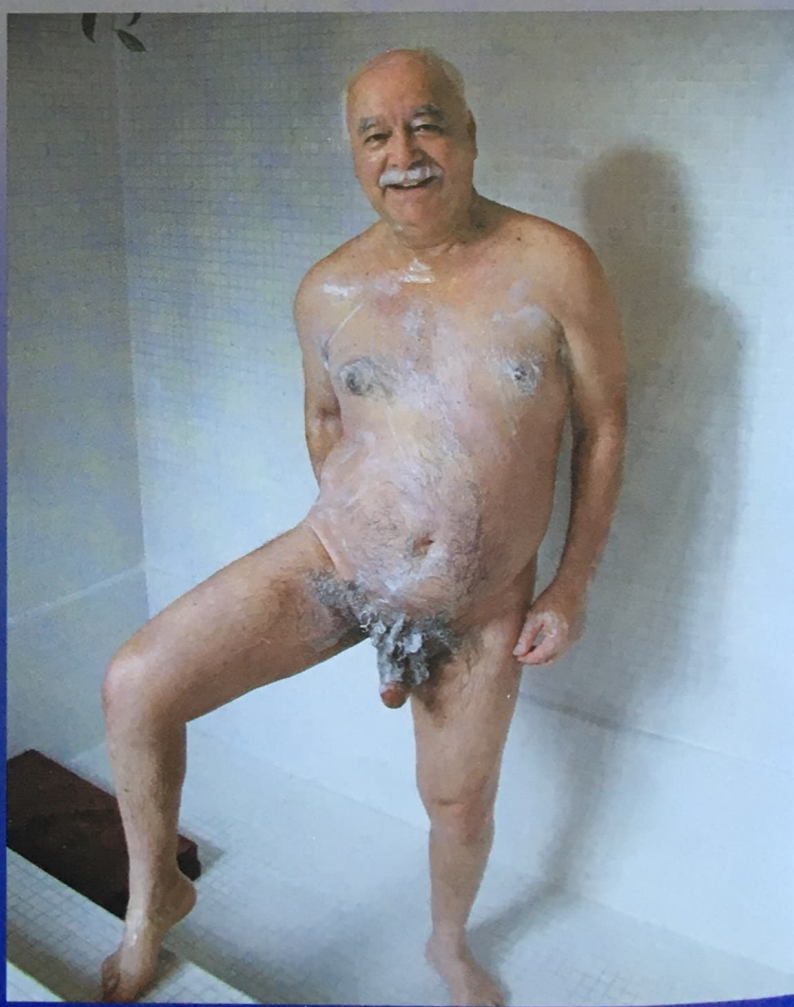




TOOTS

PAPI





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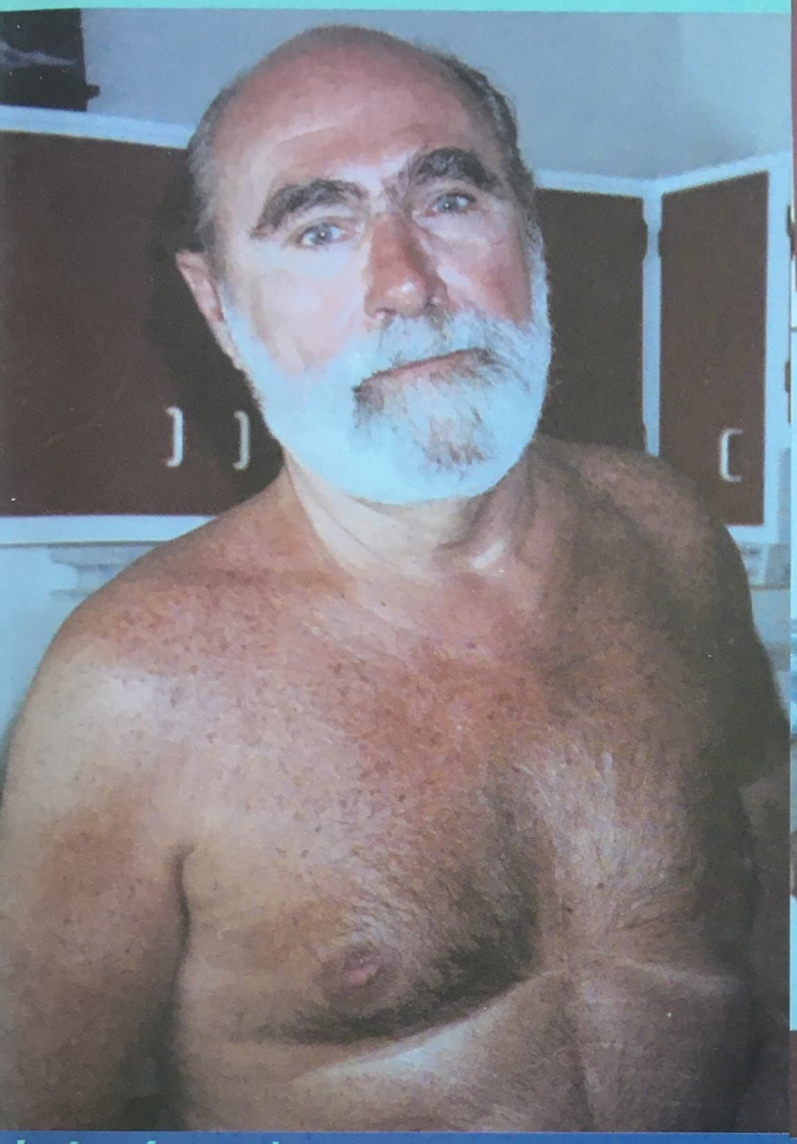

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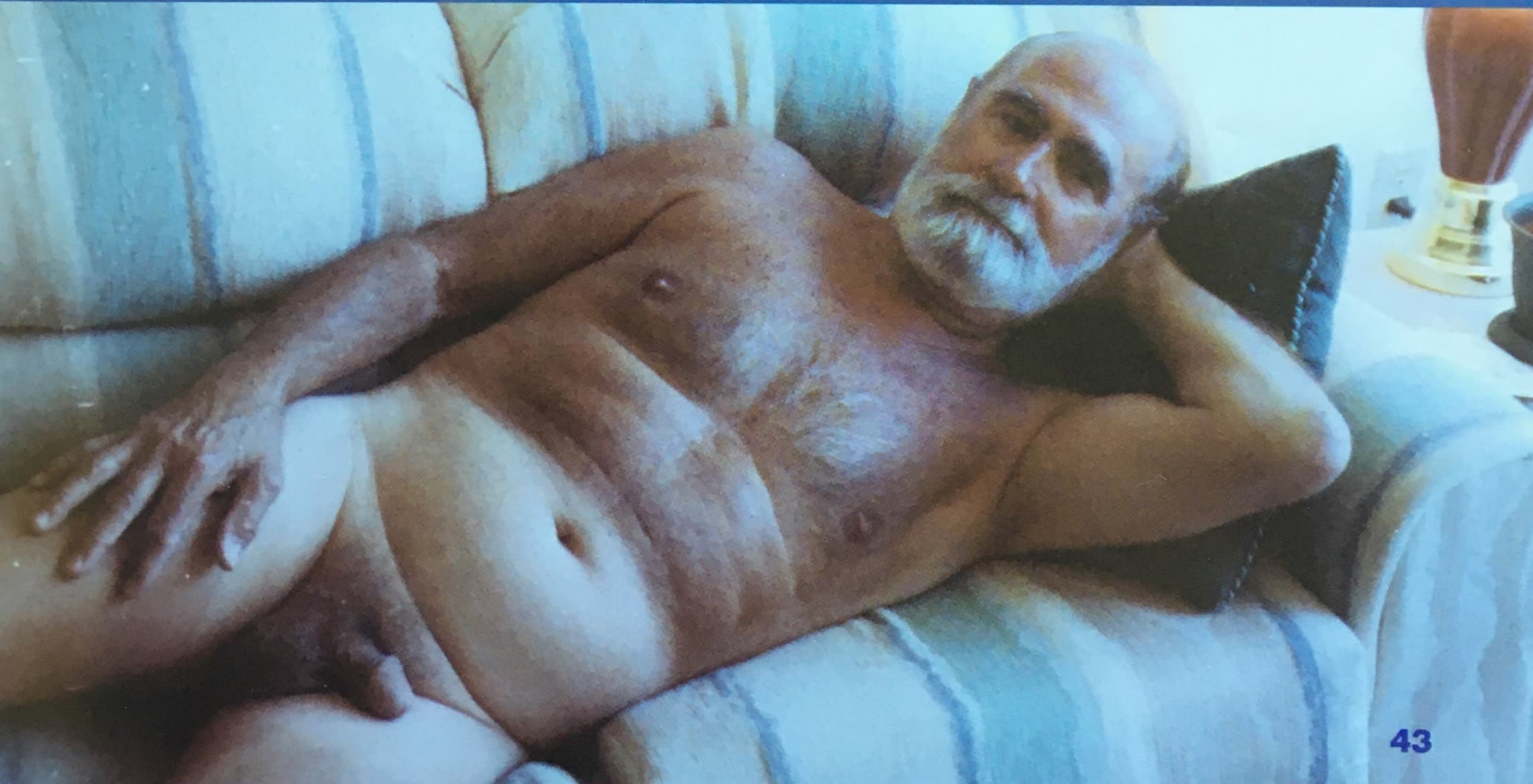
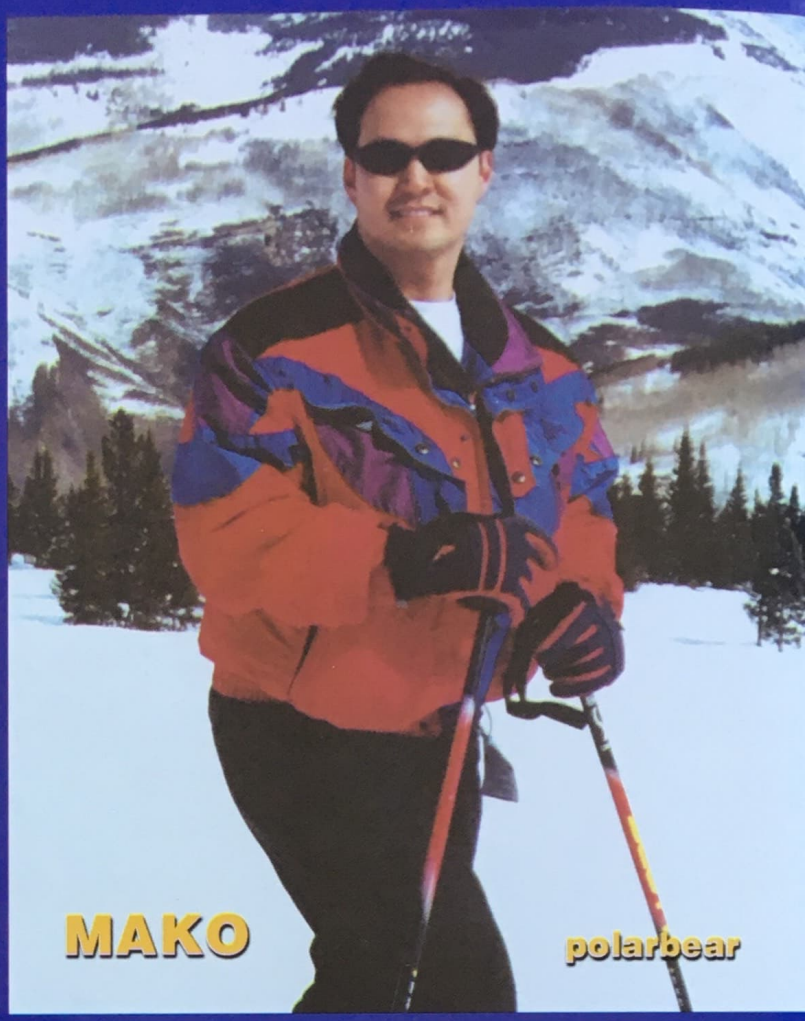


MANUEL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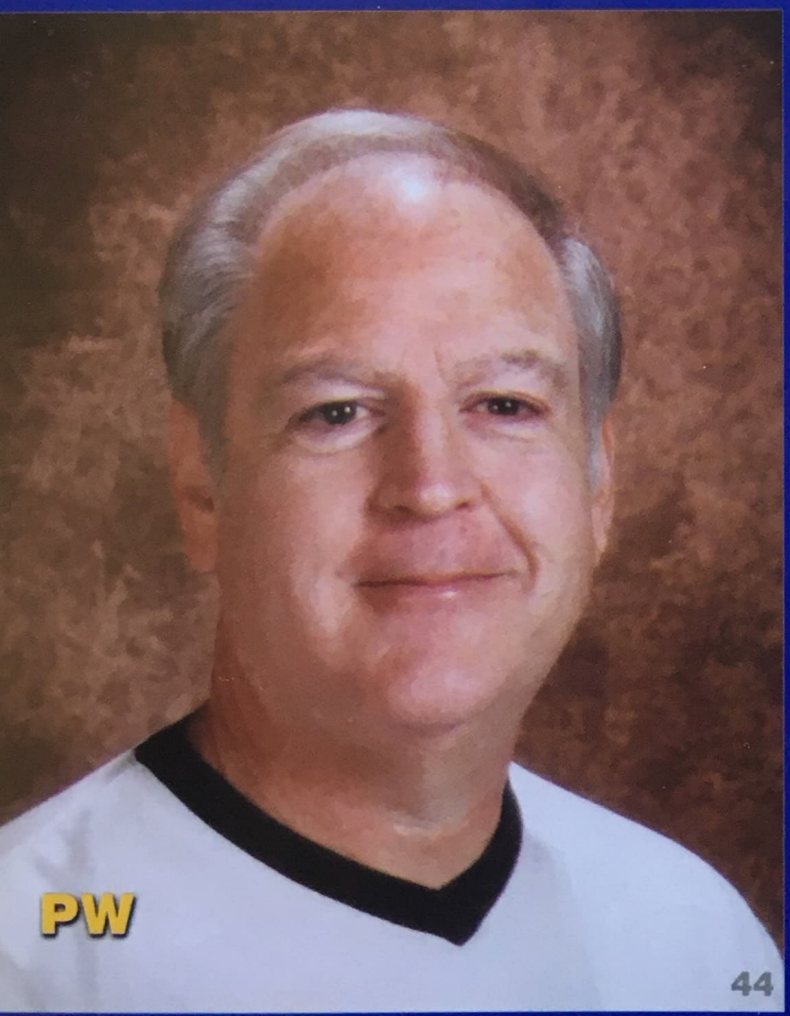
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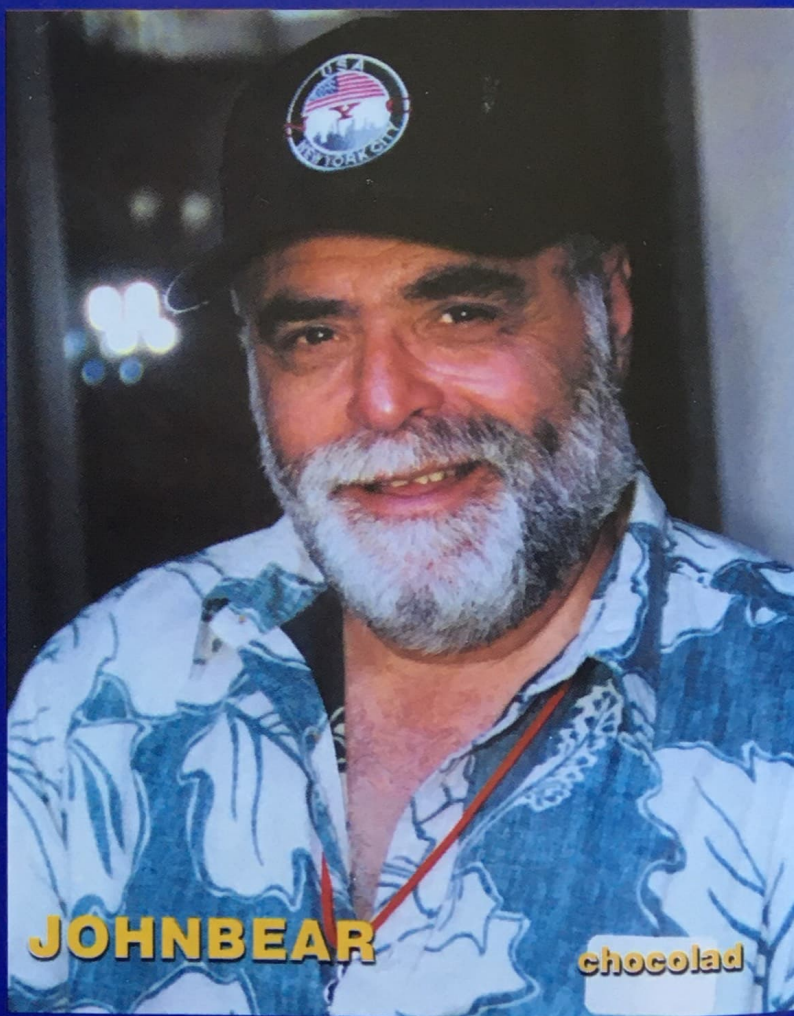
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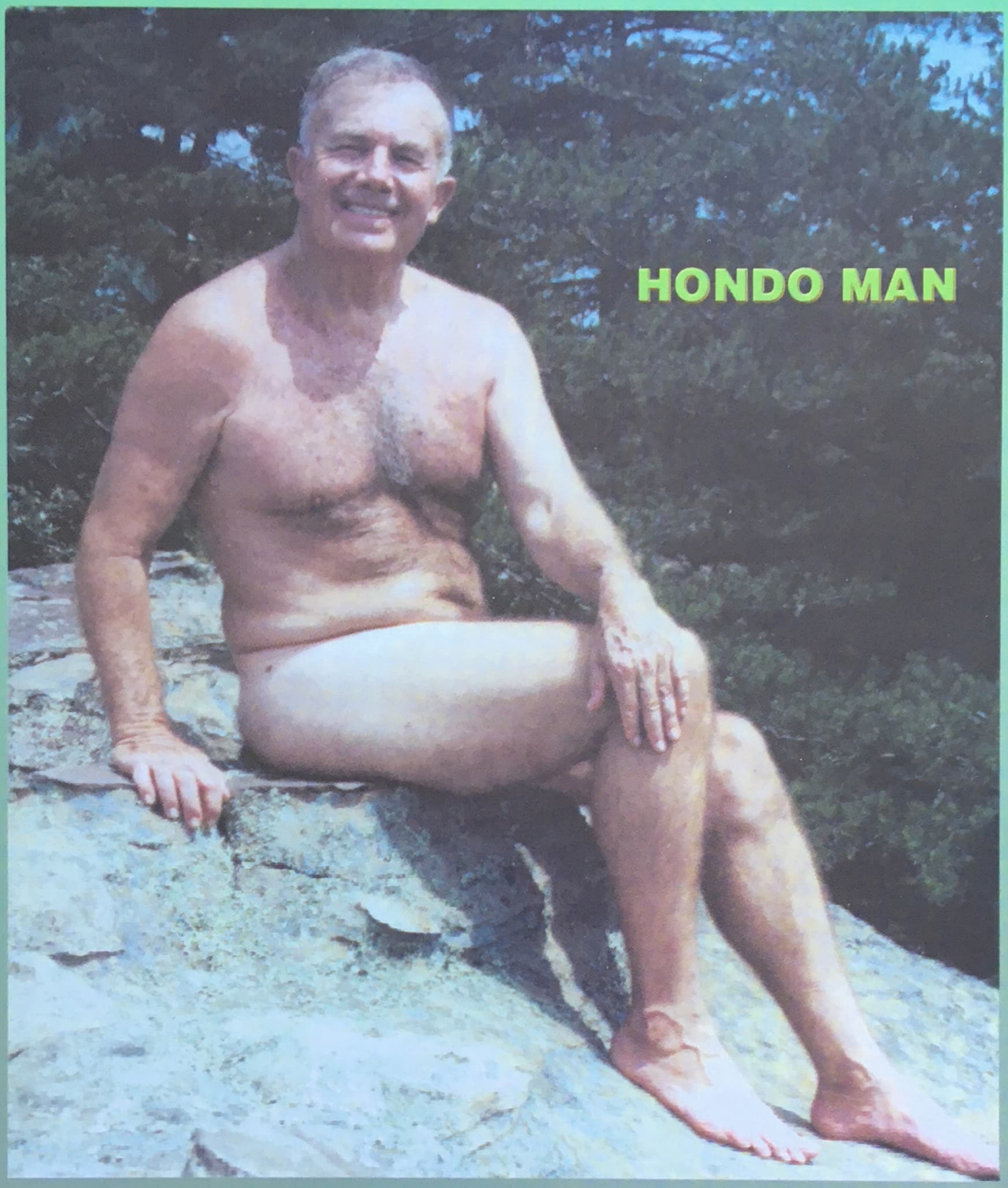
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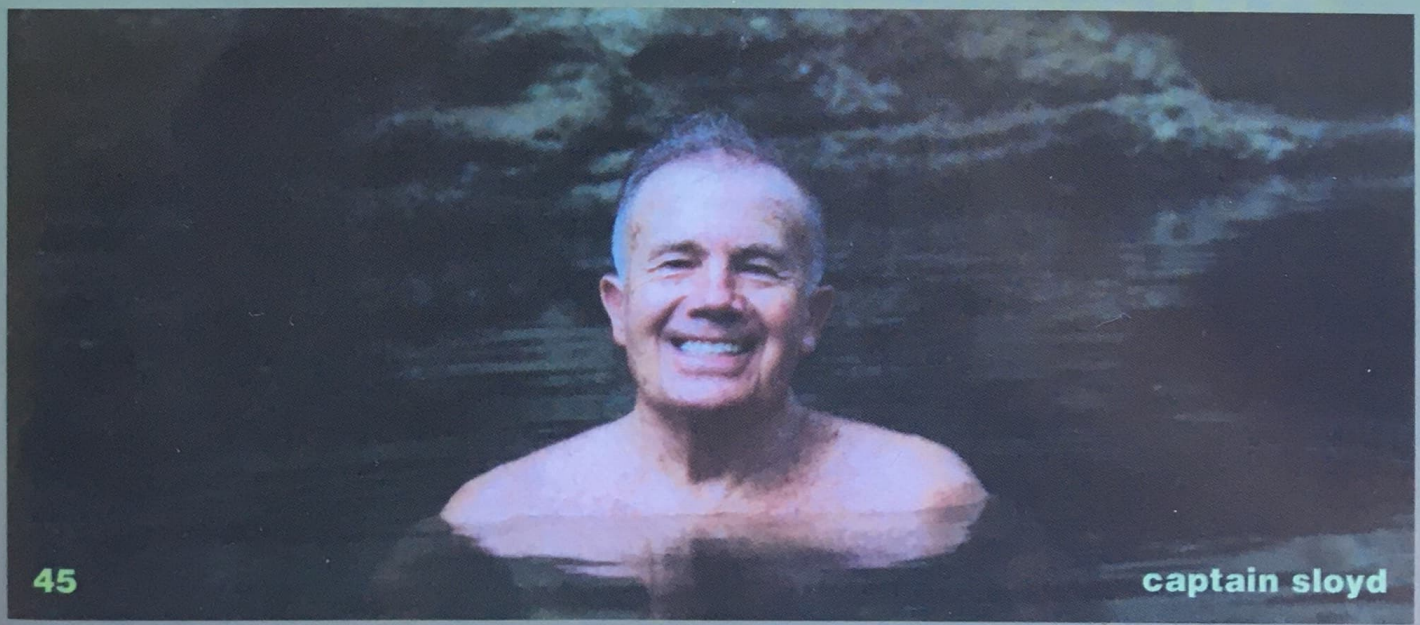
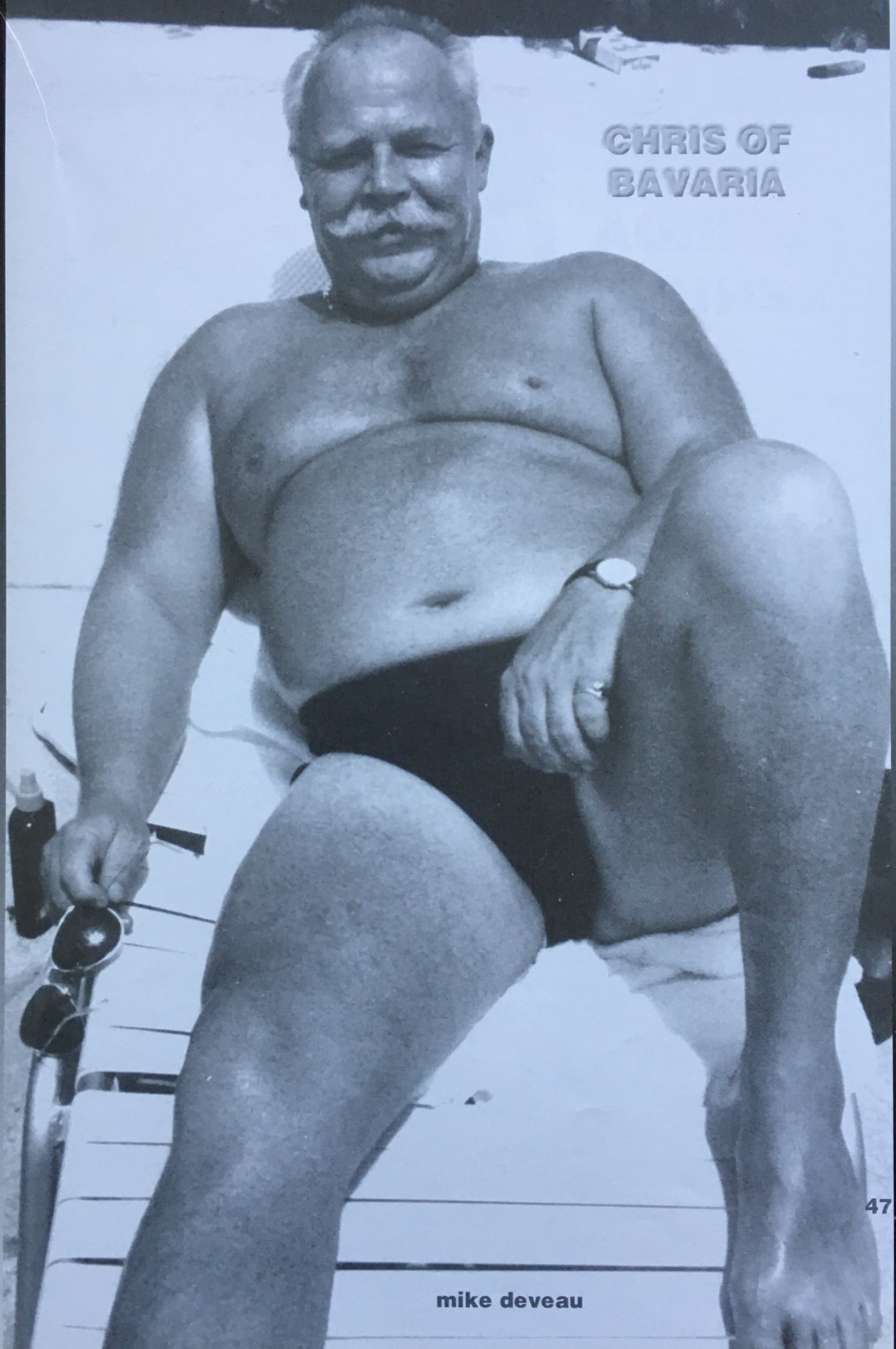
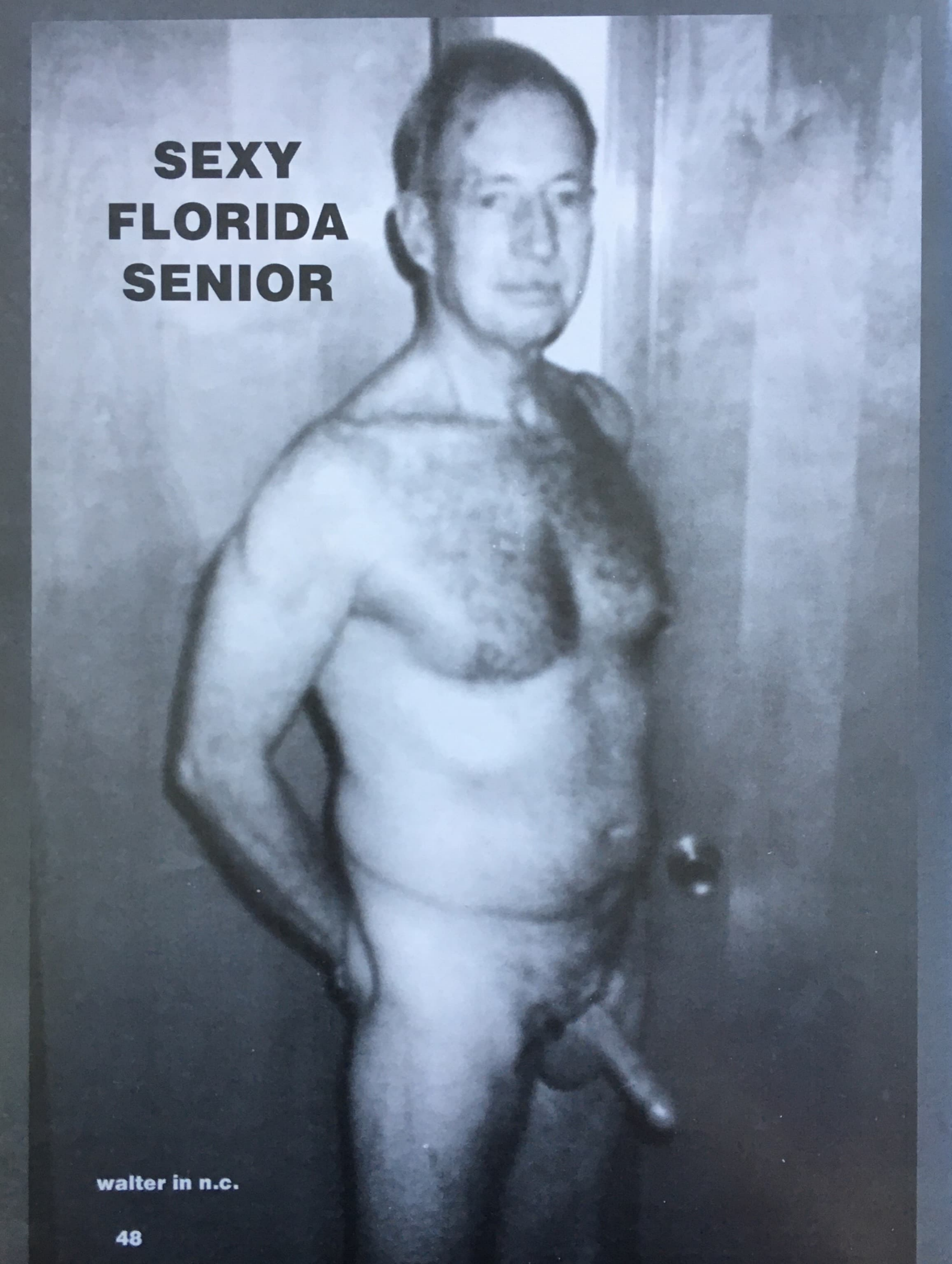

captain sloyd

SCUBA BEAR



mike deveau

SEXY FLORIDA SENIOR



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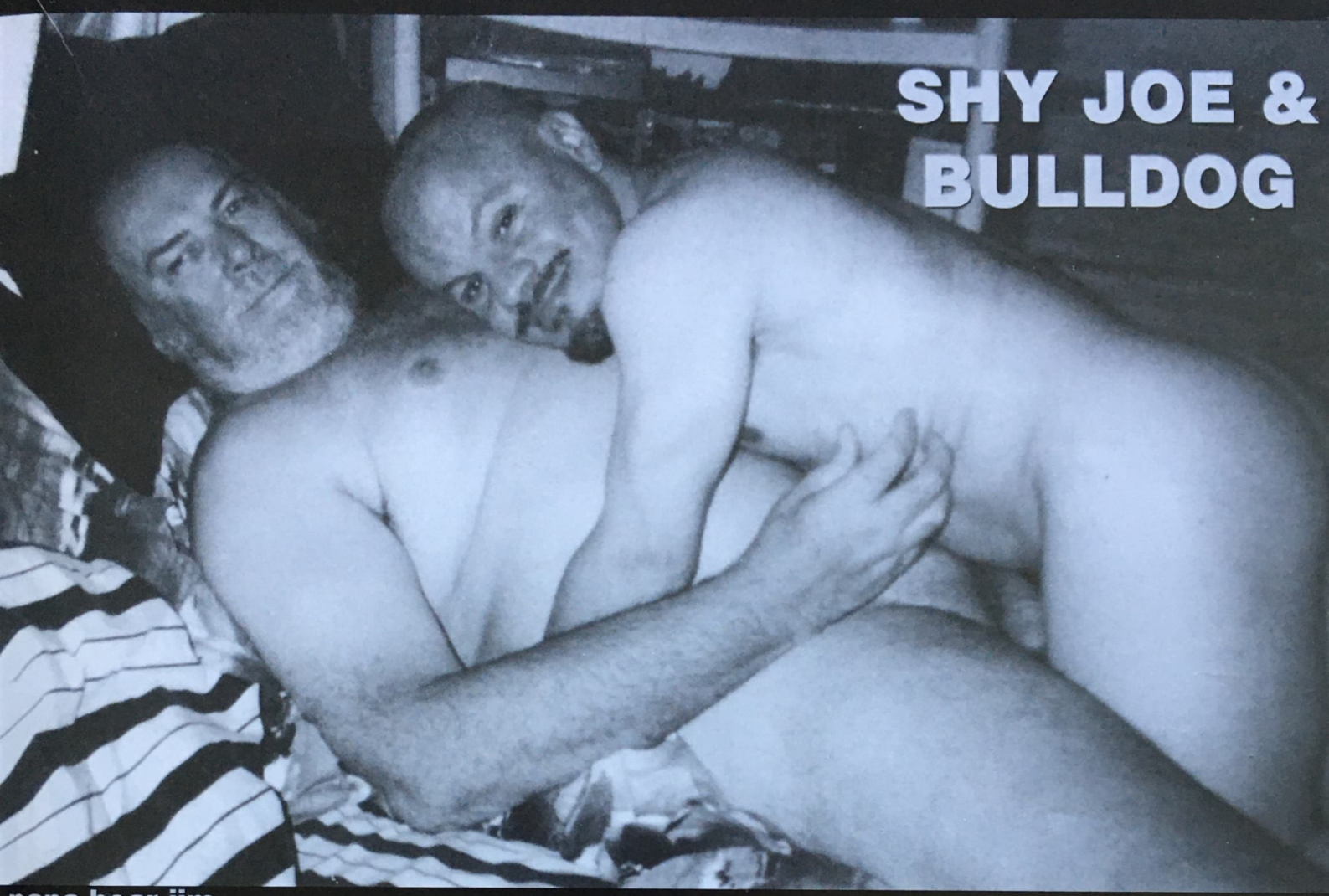
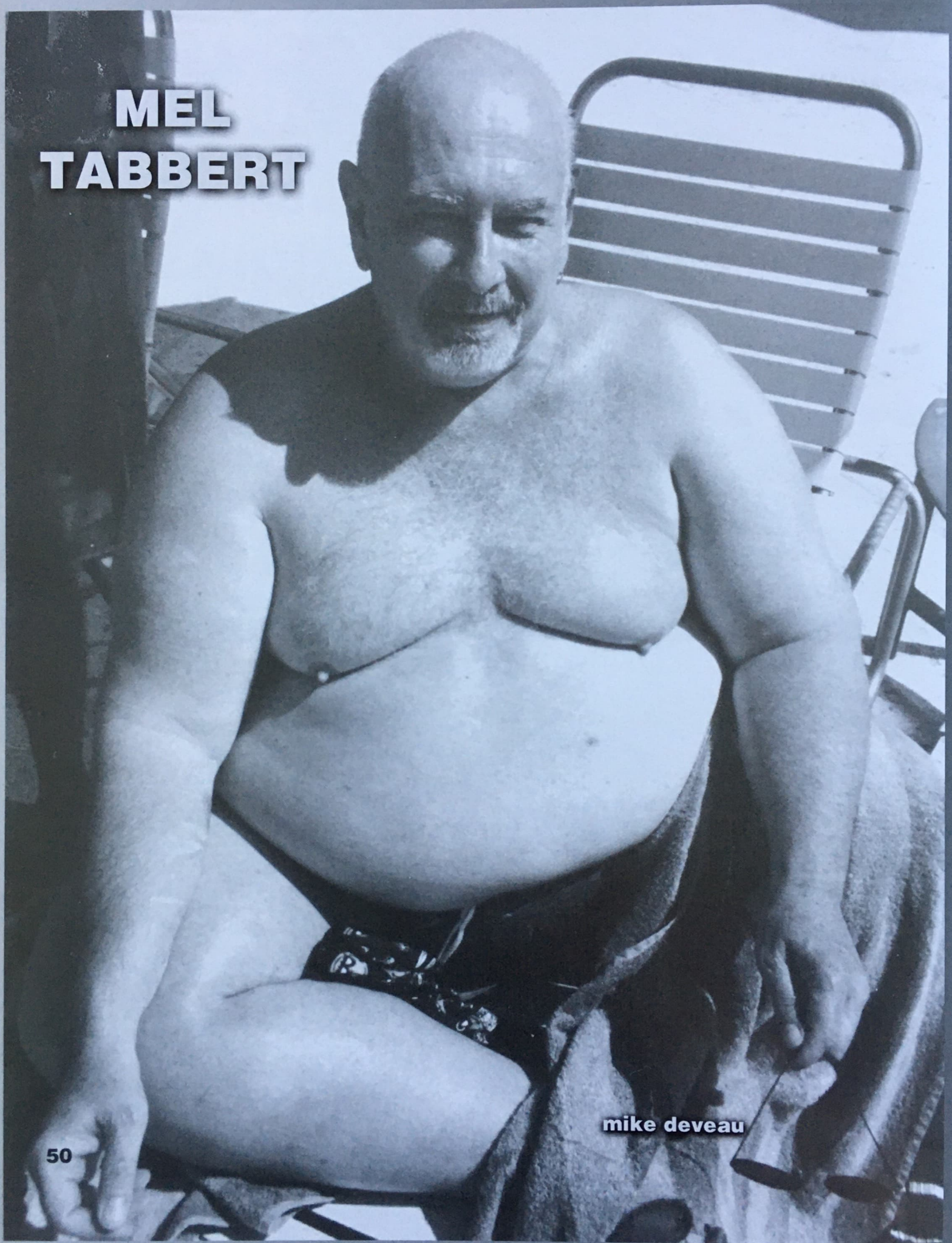


papa bear jim

MEL TABBERT



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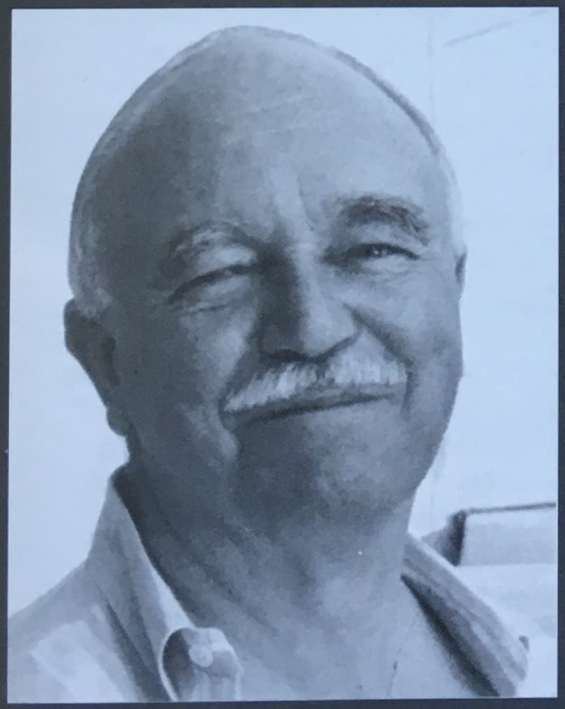

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VICTORY AT SEA GATHERING

Sailing from the Port of Miami on May 19, 2002, aboard Carnival's new ship VICTORY. Ports of call: San Juan, St. Thomas, and St. Croix

REGISTRATION FEE PER PERSON:

$125. Includes registration packet, three hosted (beer, wine, soft drinks, munchies) private cocktail parties aboard ship, and one private offshore hosted party in Old San Juan.

GROUP RATES PER PERSON

(cruise only)

Inside cabins

4B Main Deck $825.00
4C Upper Deck $845.00
4D Empress Deck $855.00

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8B Empress Deck Balcony $1175.00

Port Charges - $166.34
Round trip transfers from Miami airport - $20.00
Round trip transfers from Ft Lauderdale airport - $30.00
Cancellation insurance - $99.00

PAYMENTS

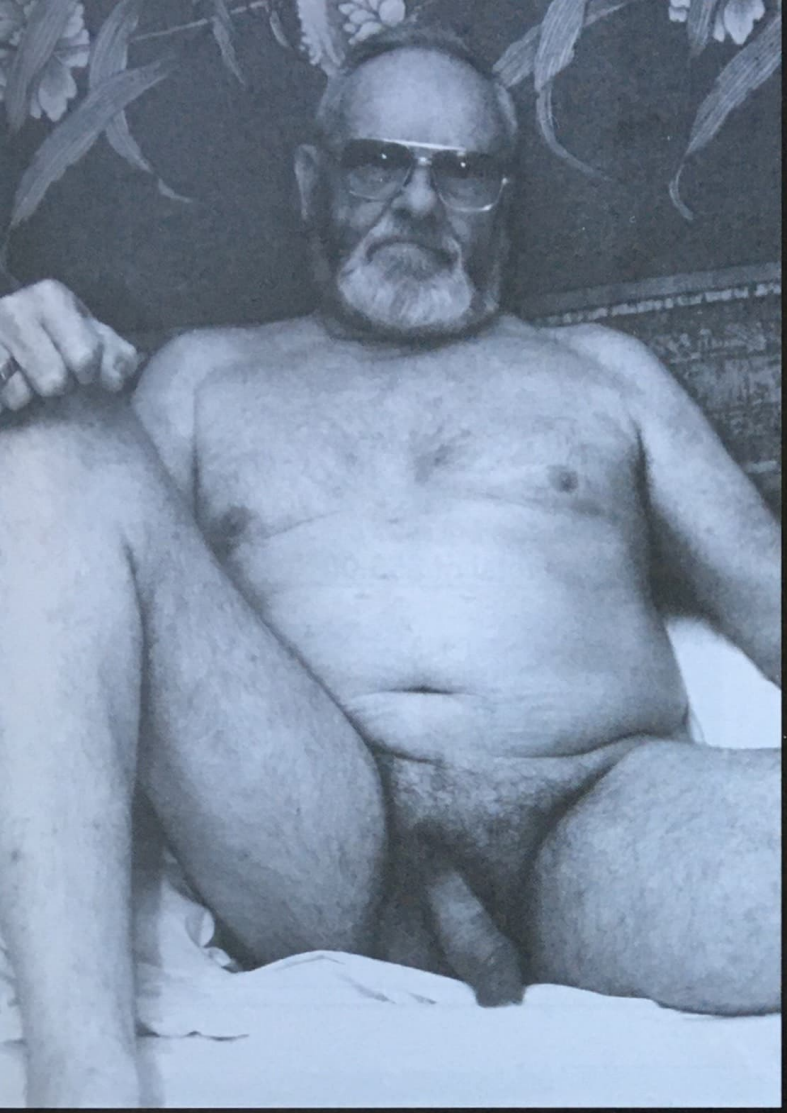
Full payment of cruise and registration fee payable with signup. Reserve your air through Always Travel, Inc. Pre-Cruise and Post cruise nights are also available at discounted rates at selected hotels in the area.

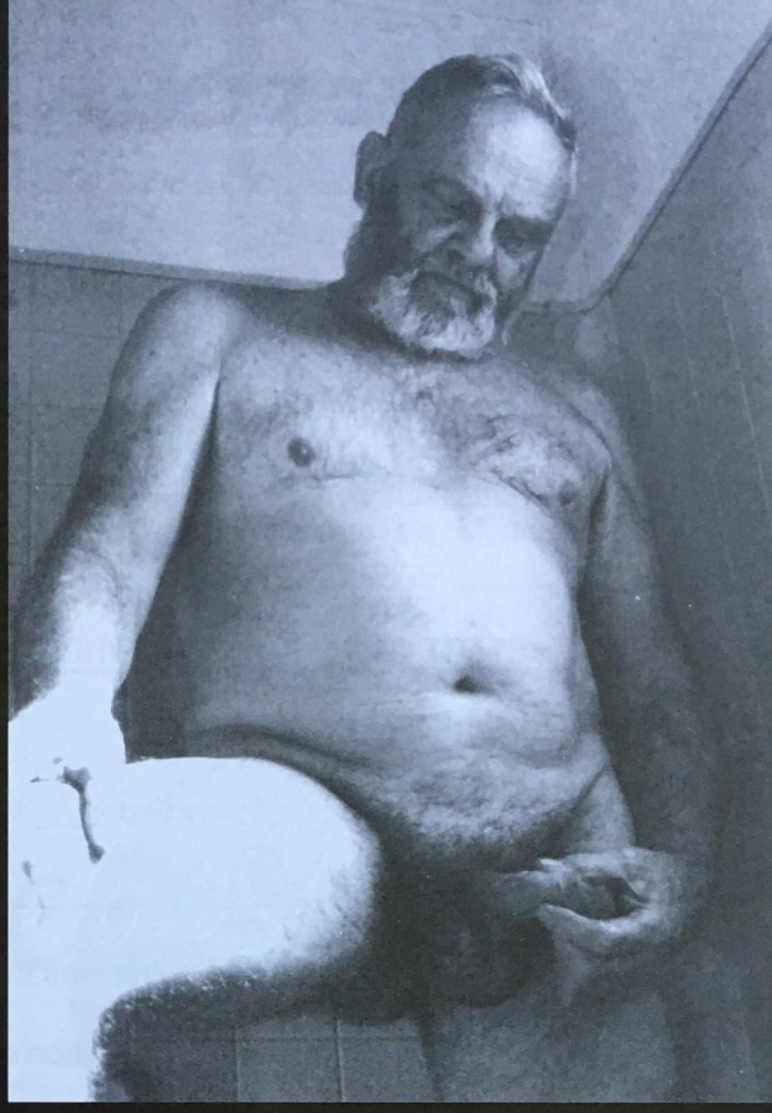
Dorothy Irene Weaver, CTC
http://www.alwaystravel-inc.com
CALL 8:30 am to 5:00 pm - Eastern Time - (888) 466-2929 or (330) 649-9960, or email Dorothy at d.weaver@worldnet.att.net

THE ITINERARY

Feel the allure of the seas as you step into CARNIVAL VICTORY's Oceanic Hall -- the ship's nine-story main atrium, featuring the Seventh Sea Bar, soaring glass elevators and a spectacular sky dome made of illuminated Tiffany-type glass, which creates a magical "window under the sea." The world's seas are the Inspiration for CARNIVAL VICTORY, one of the newest, largest and most innovative ships in the world. Meals are fit for a king. With all the dining options available on the CARNIVAL VICTORY, even King Neptune would feel pampered. For those who prefer formal dining, enjoy the savory continental cuisine in one of the two-level dining rooms, Atlantic or Pacific. For food that's just as delectable, but served in a more casual atmosphere, try the incredible bistro-style fare served in the laid-back Mediterranean Restaurant. Or enjoy a slice of made-to-order pizza and fresh Caesar salad from their 24 hour Pizzeria. The seas are beckoning you. Along Neptune's Way, the ship-long promenade, stop in for a drink at the Caspian Bar. Test your luck at the elegant South China Sea Club, one of the largest casinos at sea. Catch all the sports action on the large-screen TV's in the Aegean Bar. Join in a sing-a-long at the Irish Sea Bar. Turn up the heat on the dance floor at Club Arctic, the ship's dance club (same sex dancing invited). Or enjoy Las Vegas-style revues in the spectacular three-level, state-of-the-art theater: The Caribbean Lounge. Outdoor fun. There's no place more appropriate for celebrating the magic of the seas than CARNIVAL VICTORY's outdoor entertainment area, complete with four pools, seven whirlpools, a 214 foot spiral water slide, shaded bars, entertainment stages and generous areas for tanning, dancing and dining alfresco. Like all Carnival SuperLiners, CARNIVAL VICTORY will sport a complete Nautica Spa, duty-free shops, a card and game room and a library. Also some people will be interested in Virtual Sea, their virtual-reality arcade.
The best vacation destination under the sun. CARNIVAL VICTORY.

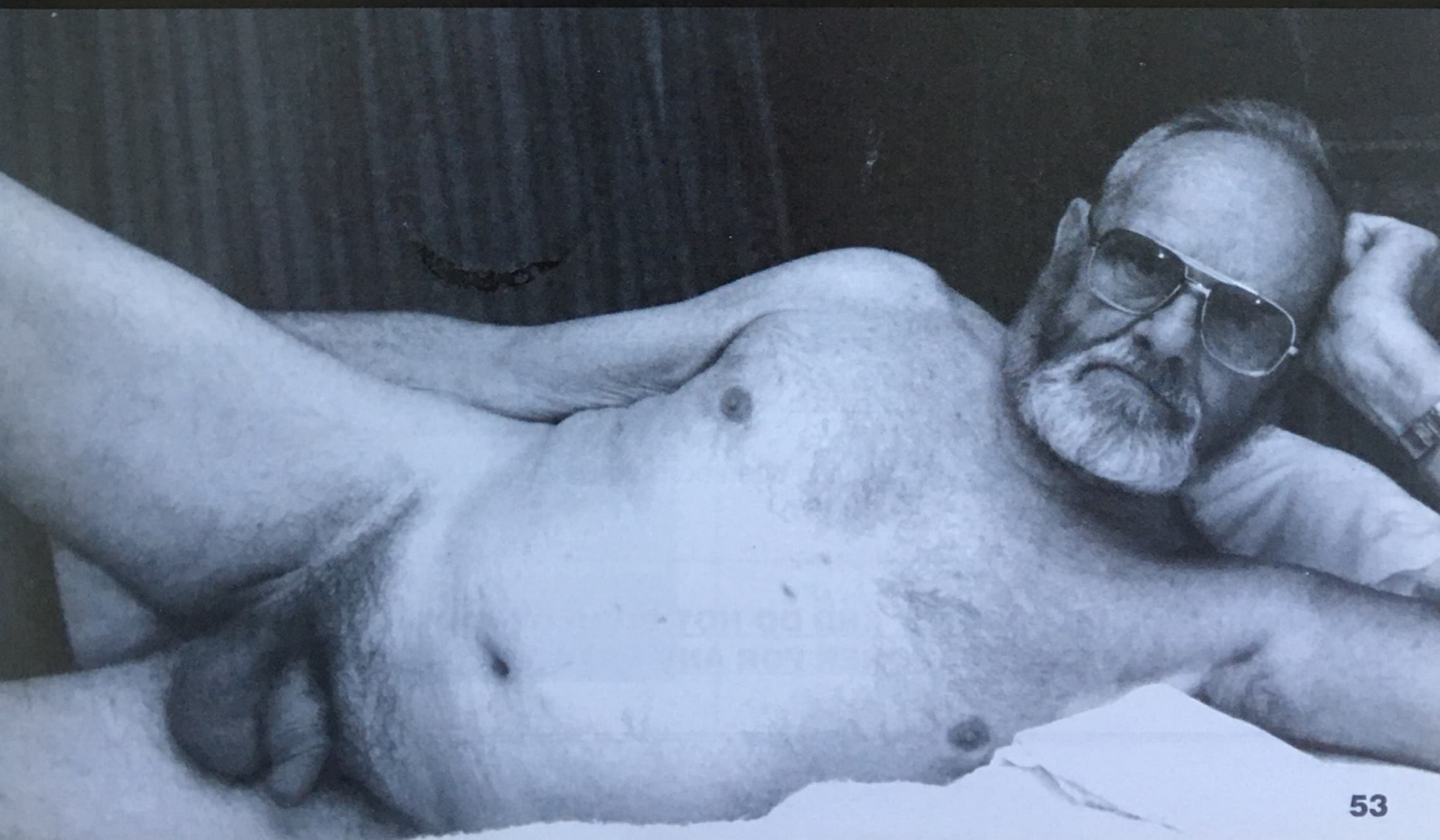
Sunday: May 19 depart Miami at 4:00PM
Monday: At Sea having FUN
Tuesday: 6:00PM arrive San Juan - Private Reception in Old San Juan.
Wednesday: 2:00AM depart San Juan (8 hours in San Juan)
Wednesday: 9:00AM arrive St Croix 6:00PM depart St Croix
Thursday: St Thomas/St John arrive 8:00AM and depart at 5:30PM (An optional shore tour is available to St John)
Friday: At Sea
Saturday: At Sea
Sunday: May 26 arrive Miami at 8:00AM





BODY WORKER

joel



CR SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

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Add first class postage and handling for U.S. -- $12.00, or a total of **$44.00**

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Add air mail P & H for Asia, Africa, or Pacific Rim -- $24.00, or a total of **$56.00**

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Credit Card # _____Expiration _____

Signature (the signing of this form authorizes the above charges):_____

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ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY (If other than U.S.A.): _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day __/ Month __/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

WE MAIL DISCREETLY AND DO NOT DIVULGE ANY INFORMATION ON ANY CUSTOMER FOR ANY REASON TO ANYONE

CONTACT NETWORK ADS

Note: CR subscribers receive four (4) complimentary ads with subscription or renewal. VIPs receive unlimited complimentary ads. Please ensure that your ad does not exceed 50 words. Sorry, ads are not available to non-subscribers. PRINT LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. If any detail is unclear or missing, ad will be rejected and returned. On a blank sheet of paper, state exactly how you want you ad to read in the magazine. Your ad should contain three components: AD HEADLINE, which will be in bold all-caps; AD BODY, which is your message; and AD CLOSING, which should include the name, address, unique code word, email address, and/or telephone number you want published with your ad. At the bottom of the page, write your real name and address, which is not for publication, and your signature attesting to the fact that you are over the age of 18. Mail your ad to CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

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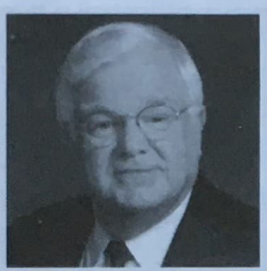

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Dance Like Nobody's Watchin'

fiction by BOB SKEATE

I guess it was all quite like a dream. Life can be rather mundane sometimes, with typical stuff happening typically. And then there are these moments when life is like a really amazing or completely strange or exciting dream. That was what it was like the night I first saw him, and it WAS an amazing and completely strange and exciting affair. I guess it's not every night that you come home from work to find a stranger, a hotshot kid no less, stripping down in your apartment.

I remember it was a late night for me at work. I am a nurse on the chemical dependency service at a Vet's Hospital. I was working days, but we were short that night so I stayed on. By the time I parked my car in the alley behind my apartment, it was midnight, and I had to get up early for work the next morning. I live in the basement of a four-story brick building just off Franklin and Nicollet between uptown and downtown Minneapolis.

The lock for the back door had been broken for weeks, so I had to pass between buildings on the way to the front door. It was a beautiful summer night with a full moon, and the moon was positioned such that it shone perfectly between the closely spaced red brick buildings. As I walked I admired my moon-shadow on the dirty cement walk between the cramped apartment complexes. It certainly had changed since I was a kid. The ratty-haired skinny elegant boy shape was now that of a plump smooth-headed slightly gimping man. The thing that was the same, though, was the way the moon-shadow still captured my attention and my imagination. Nights with moon-shadow make me feel like something special is going to happen.

That's when I noticed the lamp was on in my bedroom. Yellow light shone clearly through the half-opened horizontal blinds of the window that was at the level of my feet (like I said, basement apartment). Now I am a self-acknowledged penny pincher, so I notice stuff like that. I grumbled at my forgetfulness, blaming my dusty aging mind.

But then the shadow on the blinds changed, as thought there was someone moving about down there. Alzheimer's ruminations utterly forgotten, I had instant sharp clarity as I focused on the situation at hand. That whole "fight or flight" thing was in full gear instantly, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest.

"Ok John, what now? There's someone in your apartment. How you gonna handle this?" I said to myself, frozen in the exact position I'd been in when I first noticed the shadow move. I have no idea why I didn't just run next door and call the cops, but I didn't. I instead angled my head slightly, trying to see between the slats of the blinds. I even bent down. Once I got the angle right, I had a full view of my bedroom, and what I saw made my jaw drop. There was a handsome young man standing in the center of my room. To my complete astonishment, he was slowly, purposefully, (teasingly?), taking off his shirt. It was as though he were about to crawl into my mammoth king-sized bed. To be sure, I had on many occasions yearned to have my own little man waiting in my bed when I arrived home from work, but this was not exactly what I had had in mind.

The boy had his white t-shirt up over his head, so I couldn't see his face, but I could see his beautiful tan and muscled abdomen. Dirty-blond fuzz ringed his navel. I followed the happy trail of hair down from there to the level where his belted jeans interrupted his nakedness. My eyes continued down the zipper line to his crotch, and I could see his rock-hard cock perfectly outlined by denim. It strained

against the canvas-like fabric threatening to rip one of the industrial strength seams right open. Damn, something had made this young man hot as a pistol!

He struggled free of the t-shirt and tossed it onto the floor. His buzz cut hair was completely undisturbed by the maneuver. He had turned to face away from me in the process of shucking the shirt, so I couldn't get a good look at his face. But I did get a nice view of his muscled back and shoulders. He was no sculpted muscle boy, but rather had the look of someone who WORKS for a living. I could see the smooth contour of his shoulder blades, and admired the symmetry of the two lines of muscle paralleling his spine.

Following the line of his gaze, I noticed he was looking carefully at something on the wall. It was a picture of me looking like a big fat old fuzzy bear in my navy blue swim trunks on the beach in Florida. I was standing calf deep in the water of the ocean, I had a big grin on my face, and my eyes were tightly closed since a wave was splashing water up on my face and chest. My friend Carl took that picture of me on last winter's "escape to a warm place" trip. I put it up there on the wall because in it I look happy, and seeing myself smiling brightens my mood no matter how irritated or frustrated or lonely I'm feeling.

This kid seemed to like the look of it, too, though for totally different reasons. After a pause, he reached up and pulled the picture off the wall. I realized the window was open and the screen was missing when I clearly made out his quiet comment "Damn you are a beautiful man..." He ran his fingers over my squat little image then pinched the middle part of his lower lip between his thumb and index finger. How could he be so comfortably alone in my apartment? He was so focused that he seemed totally at ease.

He leaned the picture up against the clock radio on my nightstand so that he could look at it while not having to hold it. Then he turned to my clothes tree where I hang all my 'worn but still not dirty' pants, shortpants, and shirts. His eyes scanned over my pine-green cotton trousers, then delayed for a long time in the area of the zipper. He grabbed one of the pant legs and pulled it close to get a better view, then rubbed the fabric slowly over his face and lips. He let the leg fall, then slowly slid his hand up the thigh to the crotch. A chill ran up my own thigh and tingled my balls, as though I were wearing this lucky garment to which he was showing this sweet attention. He swiped both the front and back of his hand across the zipper fold, then slowly unzipped it. He dove his face into the crotch and dragged a deep breath in through his nose, sampling my essence in a way not possible with a mere photograph. I was becoming quite confused, as part of me felt violated by his presence in my space without invitation, yet most of me was just plain turned on. Was I supposed to somehow not be turned on by this? A magical little man was in my apartment living out a sexual fantasy that had as it's main focus, fat old white-haired balding fuzzy-bearded me!

He arranged the pants on the tree such that they hung below one of my white button-down shirts. When he backed up to survey his work, I realized he was trying to arrange the clothes so that they appeared as a headless, handless, footless man. He then knelt down and pressed his cheek up against the hip-region of the pants with his eyes intent on the open zipper. His hand moved to cup a set of big daddy balls that were present only in his mind. He rubbed them and tugged on them. Then he moved his hand out to stroke a big beefy imaginary cock. He pinched the head then went back to work on the balls. His hand continued stroking the phantasmal cock as he looked back over to my picture on the nightstand. "You like that big-bear?" he asked the 'me' in the picture. The 'me' outside the window almost answered "Love it!", but I caught myself.

My prick was now as rigid as the one he imaged he had his fingers looped around. I could almost feel his greedy hand grasping and hanging on my balls and cock. He turned away from the clothes tree and faced the blinds I hid behind, still on his knees. I froze tight thinking he might see me, but his attention was completely focused on his own crotch. He rubbed his dick through denim then hurriedly unbuttoned his pants. He pushed down the jeans until his

cock sprang free, then he grasped his boy dick in his fist. His cock curved right, and reminded me of a big ripe banana. He stroked hard and fast like a man with a purpose, his eyes closed and his head falling back, exposing his neck and the bottom of his chin. I wanted to bury my beard in his nape and kiss and nibble his smooth cheeks, but I didn't move. I didn't want to spoil this. What if I just talked to him? Maybe he would let me join in the fun? No, I would surely spook him and he'd run away. I never thought I'd be facing such an exciting dilemma on my arrival home from work. Blame it on the moon. All I could do was hunch there and stare.

His paced quickened and I knew he was about to shoot. He arched his back and growled, then suddenly flipped his head up so he could watch as a huge jet of white cum blasted from his dick-head and splash his neck and chest. His head fell back and his hand instantly halted its frantic motion. He stayed in that position for what seemed like a minute, his motionless hand grasping his dick, his chest rising and falling with the rhythm of his desperate breath. Again he lifted his head and flew open his eyes in time to see another huge gob of cum blow out his dick-hole. Again he leaned back and was motionless except for his great panting. Again he lifted his head, flung open his eyes, pulled down on the skin of his cock, and shot yet another huge wad. It was as though I was watching one of my porn videos with the cum shot being played in slow motion. By the time he shot his final load, his chest was dripping with semen. He finally fell backwards onto the floor, breathless and moaning.

Eventually he got back to his knees and grabbed a fist-full of tissues from the box I keep by the nightstand. Glancing in the mirror above the dresser, he watched himself wipe the cum from his body as he stood up. He playfully balled up the wad of Kleenex and tossed it jump-hook style into my wicker wastebasket. "And the crows goes wild!" he said with a chuckle shaking his fist above his head as though he'd just scored the winning shot in the NBA finals. After a brief inspection, he carefully packaged his cock and balls back into his tight jeans.

And then he did something that surprised me, not that this kid had done anything so far that hadn't surprised me, but this was really sweet. He began dancing while watching himself in the mirror. He was jumping and jerking his hips and swinging his arms to music only he could hear. And this was no fluffy dance music. It must have been heavy metal or some such music as his movements were curt, his muscles flexed, his hands balled in fists, his face with a snarled grimace of determination. Then he met his own eyes in the mirror and pointed at himself as he blurted out the lyrics to the song only he could hear:

"Oh now I feel like I'm alive for the very first time. Said I am strong enough to take these dreams and make them mine!"

With the word "mine" he pointed the thumb of his left hand solidly into his chest. Still dancing, he looked over at my picture again and his face softened. "I would love to love you..." , he said to the wet chubby man on the beach. He then turned to the clothes tree, and wrapped his arms around his headless, handless, footless polar bear dummy. His body continued a slight sway as though he and his makeshift man were having a slow dance. I actually felt like I was intruding, spying, like a peeping Tom on a scene that was taking place in my own damn room. He was so cute I could hardly stand it anymore. I cupped my hands over my lips and prepared to whisper to him. I would tell him that I would love to love him too. I would tell him that the man in the picture was real and wanted to be his slow dance partner.

Before I could speak, he stopped dancing and suddenly looked out the window where I was kneeling. I thought I was caught, that he perhaps had heard my old knees crack when I leaned forward, but again he was too distracted by his own internal world to notice me. His face grew gloomy and his brow wrinkled, and I knew his moments of complete freedom were being interrupted by his own intrusive bad thoughts. He covered his face with his hands in a gesture that implied pure shame. His began to shake slightly, and tears came from beneath his hands. They rolled down the uncovered portion of his face, and dripped to the floor. This poor boy was really on

some kind of roller-coaster ride. He was just going from feeling to feeling, thought to thought, with no filter, and no inhibition. I wanted to comfort him. I wanted to hold him and tell him I didn't mind that he'd broken into my place or that he was a fag or that he lusted after fat old men. I wanted to tell him that he was beautiful and amazing, and a wonderfully precious gem.

Eventually, he pulled his hands sharply from his face, revealing his red cheeks and watery eyes. He swung one fist forward as though punching out at an unseen and undetectable enemy. Then he swung another, then another. His fists were flashing in and out from his chest in rapid fire as if to defend him from an onslaught that I could not appreciate. His blows increased in force, and he appeared to gain back his confidence. With a final thrusting blow he bellowed loud enough for the neighbors to hear "You WILL NOT control me you BASTARDS!"

He bent over and grabbed his shirt from where he had tossed it. He crumpled it under his arm, then headed for the bedroom door. I figured he was on his way out, so if I was going to finally say something, it was now or never. I spoke softly but clearly through the window "Wait, please don't leave."

He stopped still in the bedroom doorway and turned back toward the half open blinds with a frightened look in his face.

"Don't be afraid. I'm not the cops, and I won't call the cops. I'm the guy in the picture. You're in my bedroom. I watched what you were doing. I ... I thought it was incredible."

"Oh fuck!" he mumbled with panic in his voice.

"No, please, wait," I was almost beseeching, "I want to meet you. I want to know you. You can come be with me and we can be together for real. You broke into my place, and still I'm asking you to just wait there and meet me. I'm taking a big risk, and I really mean it. I give you my word. Please, wait there, I'm going to come in. Please, please don't leave."

I got up and hurried down the remainder of the sidewalk towards the front door. My heart was pounding through a complex mixture of feelings from scared, to aroused, to hopeful, to excited. Just as I was reaching for the door, it flew open with a bang, and a figure dashed passed me into the street. I called for him to wait, but he tore off with the speed of a man whose life depended on it.

I don't need to tell you how surprised and confused I was. I never really slept that night. I jerked off two times in succession, then tossed and turned with thoughts of him. Who was he? Where was he? Who were these "bastards?" They damn well better not hurt him... And so on until my alarm went off, and I had to drag my red-eyed self off to work. Over the next several days, I had recurring fantasies of him showing up at my door. After all, he knew where I lived and how to get into contact with me.

But I also started to feel like maybe I'd dodged a bullet. He might have been some wacko. He did, after all, break into some stranger's place and jack off in the bedroom. And based on what I'd seen, the poor guy was in some sort of turmoil. The last thing I needed in my life at that time was turmoil. Over the last two years I'd admitted to myself I was gay, went through a nasty divorce, was dumped by my kids, and discovered first hand the shallow and ageist attitude prevalent in my new "community." I was hoping to find a boyfriend, to be sure, but a boyfriend who was stable and experienced, and interested in forming something lasting with ONE other man. As far as I could tell, this young man hardly fit that description.

But, thank the moon, my story does not end there. Exactly one month later, he did show up at my door. It was a Sunday, around ten in the evening, and I was doing my laundry and getting ready for the overnight shift. I came back from the laundry room and saw him in the hall outside my door, pacing back and forth, aching to knock and just not quite able to get up the nerve. I could not make out the soft words of encouragement he spoke to himself as he struggled to boost his courage. I quietly watched him for a bit then cleared my throat. He startled, then slowly turned towards me, at first appearing afraid, then stubbornly confident. He walked closer and looked me over from toe to head.

"Wow, you are so beautiful," he finally said in a shaky voice.

"You're even more grand than you are in that picture." He extended his hand saying, "I suppose I ought to tell you my name. I'm Christopher, Chris."

To my surprise, I was not necessarily happy to see him. I had convinced myself that he was probably a nut so that I didn't have to feel bad about him not giving me a chance. I guess I actually felt rejected, though the circumstances really did not lend themselves well to that interpretation. He could sense that I was dubious.

"Mister, I need you to be ok with this. I'm sorry I broke into your apartment. I've been thinking about you almost nonstop since I saw you at the VA. My brother was on your unit for a while a few months back. I never did get up the courage to even say "hi" to you. You were leaving one night just as I was, and I followed you here. It was so crazy. I figured maybe I could get up the courage to talk to you if my family wasn't around. But I couldn't. I just watched you go in. I was by your place several times after that, and I started to feel like some freaky stalker. Then, the night you caught me, I came by and I saw the light on in your room. I was hoping to sneak a peak of you. You weren't there, but I saw that picture of you on the wall through the window. I was just gonna get a close up view of it, just to have the opportunity to look at you long and hard without being interrupted by the fear that you'd think I was staring. I have known I am gay for a long time, but I could never really admit it to myself. I don't know, something just came over me. I was like a walking hormone bag, and I just took this huge chance. I don't go around doing that kind of thing..."

I stood there looking at him, holding my laundry basket between us.

"Please, please keep your word. You said that you would try to make it with me, that we could try to get together. I came out to my family and friends, and as I figured, they are all a bunch of worthless bigots. My roommate threw me out and had the locks changed even though we're both on the lease. My parents and brother won't even talk to me. I took a big chance because of what you said to me, and now I need you to follow through. Please, I'm alone."

What could I say to that little speech? I dropped my laundry basket and opened my arms. We embraced there in the hall for a long time, his arms wrapped tightly around me. We have embraced similarly most mornings for the last two years. Now every full moon we open a bottle of champagne and toast that magical ball of white in the sky. When we dance together, he tells me how blessed he feels that the clothes with which he dances contain his dream come true.

Bob Skeate is a 31 year old resident physician who lives in Minneapolis with his 62 year old partner of eleven years. He writes short stories about mixed-aged gay couples because his life experiences fuel his imagination. When they turn out well, he sends them to CR hoping other of like mind might be uniquely entertained.

Accountant Goes to Jail

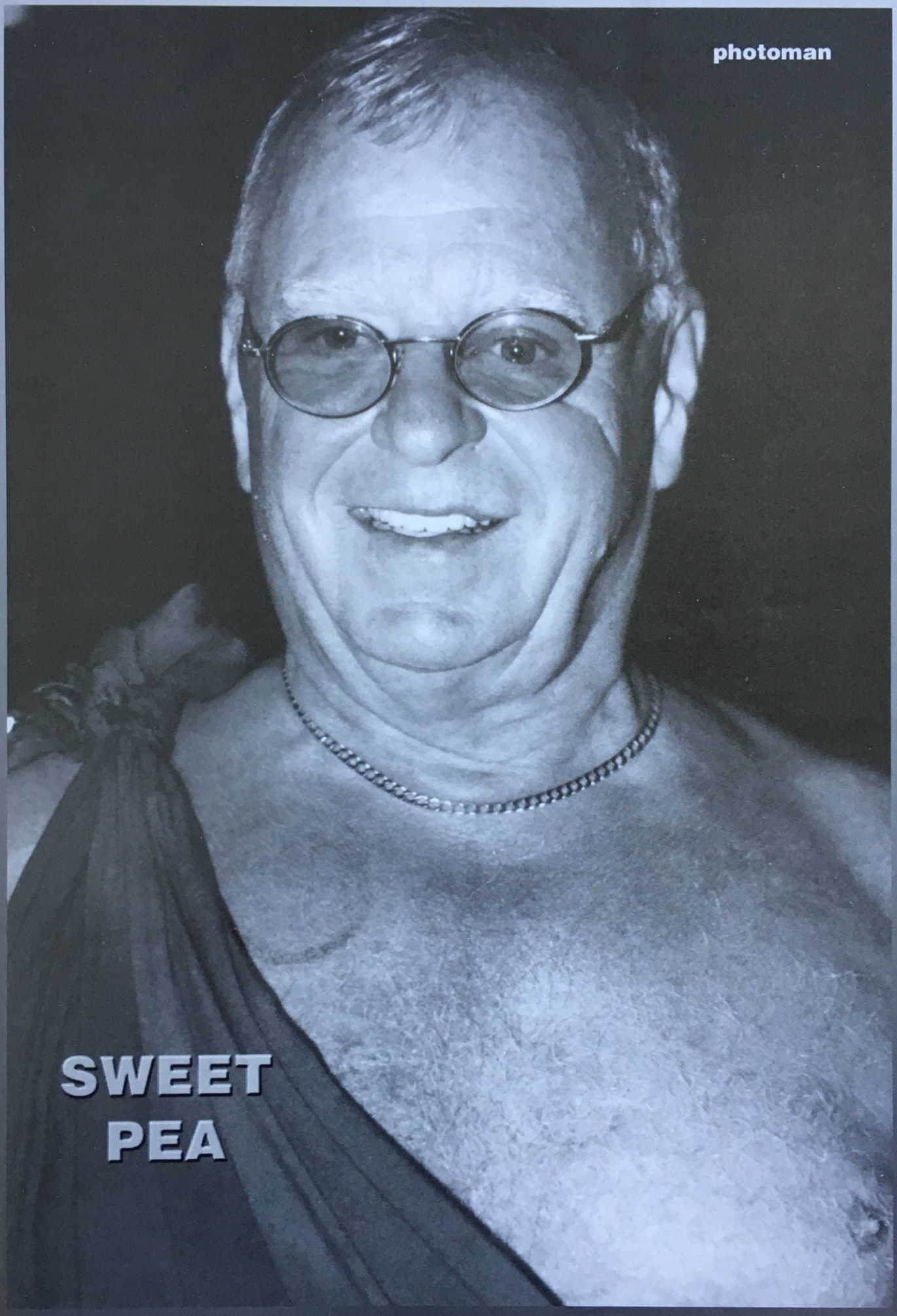
A nerdy little accountant is sent to jail for embezzlement, and they put him in a cell with a huge guy with a big bulge.

The cellmate says, "I wanna have some sex. Are you gonna be the husband or the wife?"

The little guy says, "Well, if I have to be one or the other, I guess I'd rather be the husband."

The big guy says, "Okay. Now get over here and suck your wife's dick."

BILL WORRALL


photoman
SWEET
PEA

BRAZILIAN COUPLE

photos by o.j.b.

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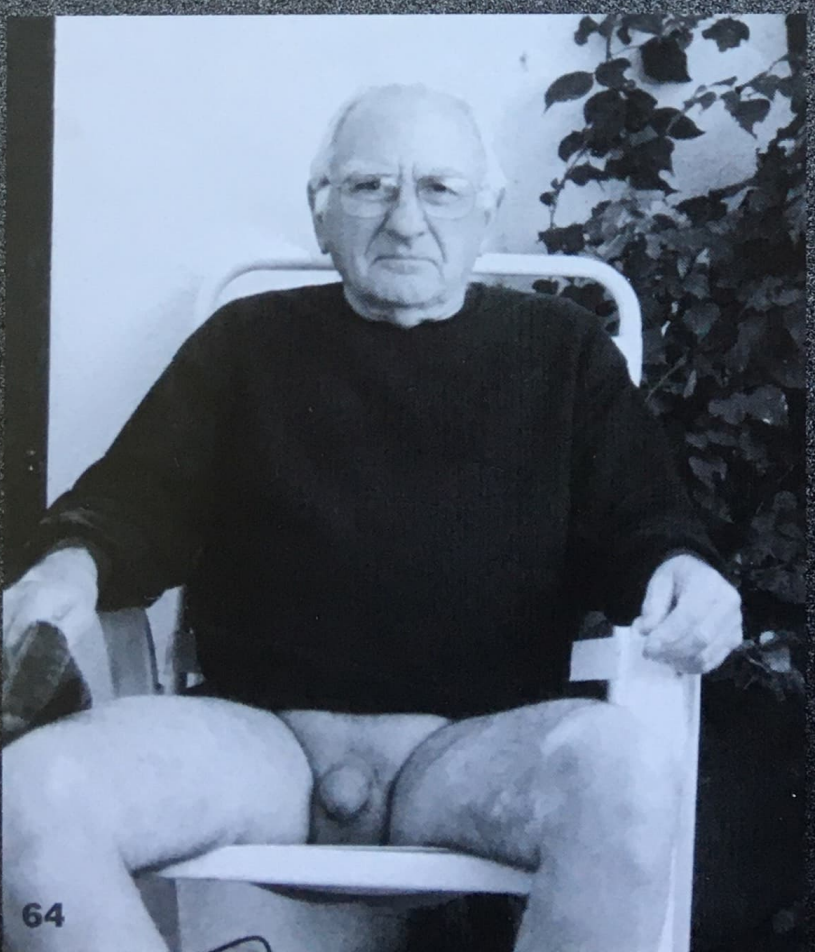

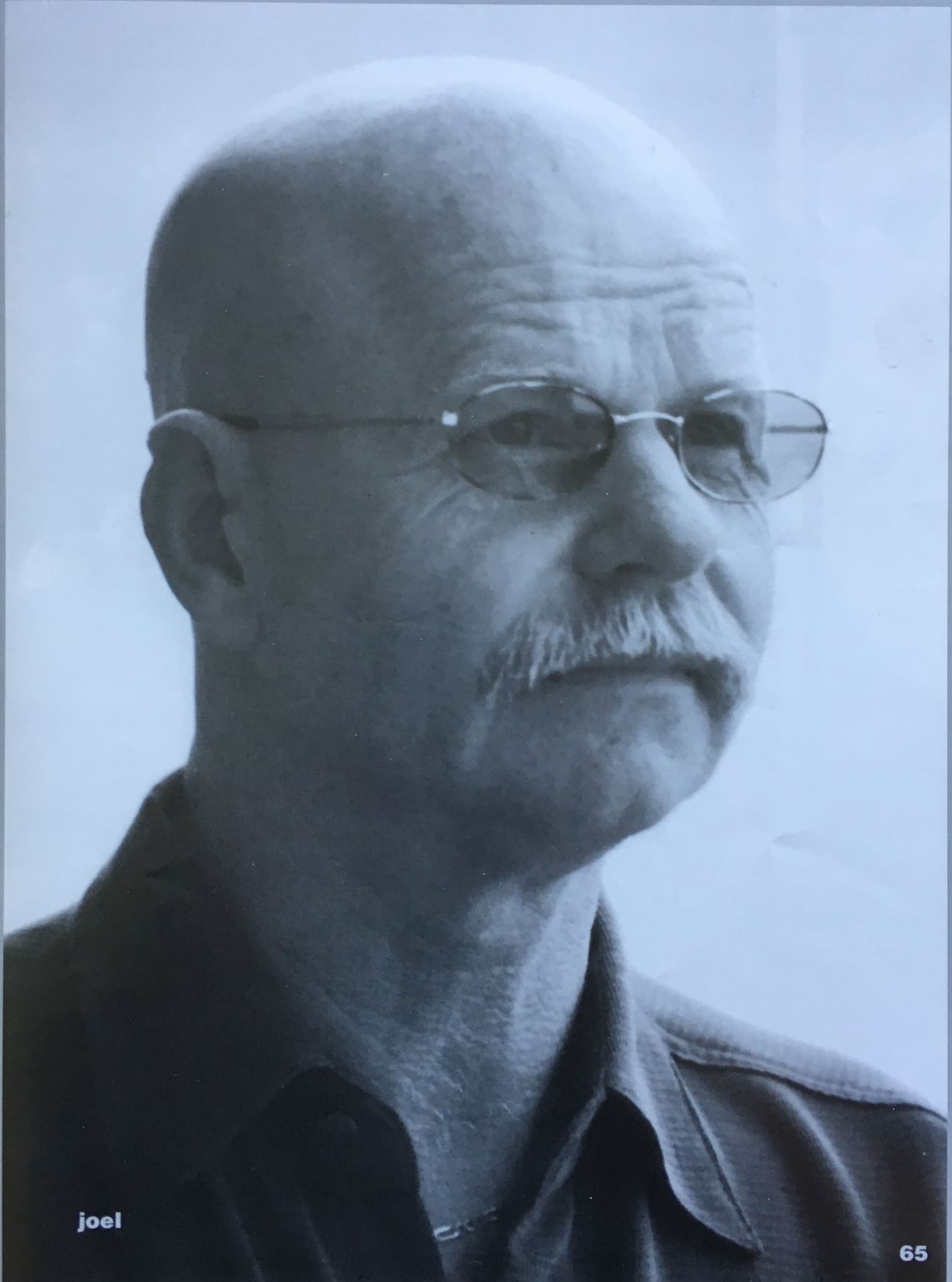

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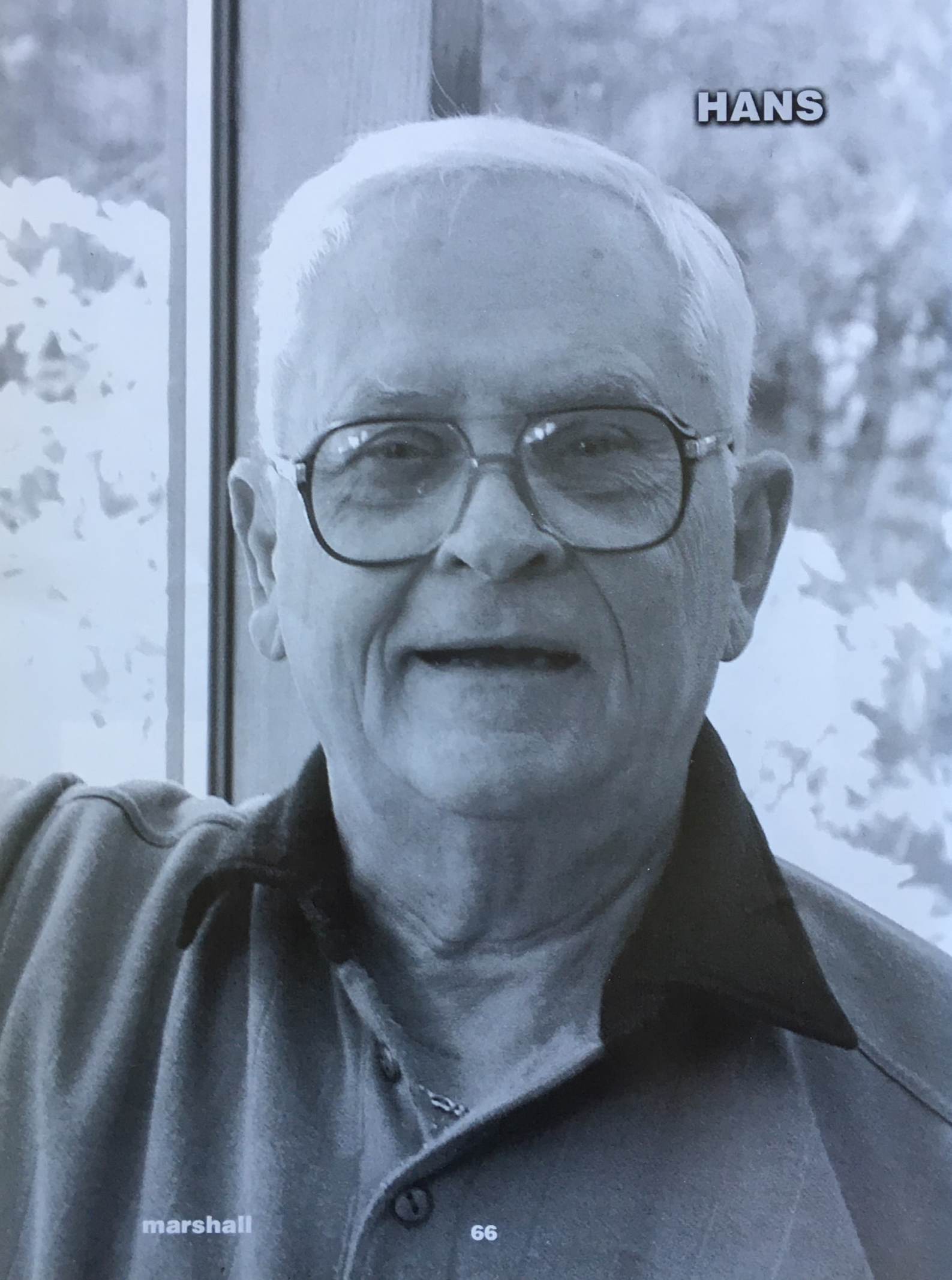

HANS

DESERT RAT WOLF EYES

In the Back of the Bus

fiction by JOHN ST. CHARLES

Rumbling down an endless ribbon of concrete, I sat staring out the bus window at the steadily darkening landscape. I'd just been on an out-of-town job interview for a reporter's job on a hick daily. I interviewed with two people: the publisher and his female managing editor.

It hadn't gone well. After telling me the usual "We'll let you know either way of our decision" --letting me know that I'd never hear another word out of them-- I settled in for my four-hour ride back home, ruminating as I watched the passing highway markers upon how the newspaper business was filled with pricks.

The bus had been crowded when I'd first gotten on, forcing me to sit in the last row. Sitting there, I vaguely recalled this 'urban myth' claiming that occupants on any bus' last row were 'on the make'.

Having blown the interview, I began rationalizing: I've lived in a small town before. How many lies would I need to live? How much would I have to hide?

In the city, I could at least be myself. Still, a man needs to eat.

After some ten or twelve stops, the bus gradually cleared of almost all the passengers. Only a few were getting on.

Wondering how many more interviews I'd have to go through before someone said yes, I scarcely noticed this skinny young fellow who'd boarded somewhere along the way. He'd passed up row after row of empty seats to slide into the last row, directly across the aisle from me.

Casually stealing a glance at my new traveling companion, I at first thought he was some gawky adolescent. His bright orange hair was close-cropped. Narrow hazel eyes, magnified by the coke-bottle lenses of his black horn rims, looked at me with the combined expressions of friend and predator. He nodded at me by way of greeting. I nodded back in acknowledgement, then gently turned to stare out the window. Watching the outside zip by as the gentle rumble of the bus engine lulled me out of my post-interview disappointment, I began to nod off. Just as my eyelids slid to half-mast, I saw something in the window's reflection.

Movement. A rhythmic sort of motion that was happening behind me.

Casually glancing over, I did a double-take. My eyes widened perceptibly and I gulped audibly.

Across the aisle, this red-headed fellow had his pants unzipped. Through his opened fly protruded a thick, lengthy, throbbing cock that would have made your average porno star jealous.

Veins covered the portions of his cock that weren't obscured by his furiously pumping fist, running up and down the stem like ivy. His cockhead was a fiery purplish plum that pulsated like a lighthouse beacon. Its overall length surely must have exceeded eight, possibly even nine inches.

But it was not so much his endowment as what he was doing with it that captivated me.

The sheer audacity of this weirdling taking his cock out and ostentatiously whacking off in front of me and the rest of the world gave the whole experience a surreal quality, forcing me to question whether I was truly seeing what I thought.

Rather than a lascivious grin, as might have been expected, his face instead was graced with an expression of studiousness. His brow knit, he seemed to be concentrating quite fiercely upon the object of his arousal. And this object, it soon became apparent, was me. This realization brought an embarrassed, involuntary groan of embarrassment from my depths. I tried focusing my gaze away from this strange being and his avid exercise in self-pleasure. My peripheral vision, however, kept ricocheting back to note the rapid up and

down motion of my fellow-traveler's hand-jive. I knew not what to do. What is an appropriate reaction to encountering a public masturbator across the bus aisle? Turning my face toward the window provided no escape, as it was now dark outside and the reflection of the red-headed stranger and his bobbing fist was nearly mirrorlike. The closest other passengers were four rows away and the next stop wouldn't be for miles. Clearly, I was a captive audience. Watching him in the window's reflection (of which he was most assuredly aware), I entertained a mute mixture of fascination and horror as he kept hammering away at himself. What kind of raving maniac had chosen to sit across from me--and then had fixated upon some aspect of my person that drove him to such extreme and uncontrollable self-satisfaction?

Looking into his eyes, though, I could discern no expression of lunacy or idiocy. Rather, his gray orbs, made huge behind the thickness of his lenses, put forth an expression solely of an incredible, overwhelming, all-encompassing Need. I have always been useless whenever placed within a situation in which I don't know how to react. This certainly qualified. Anxiously, I wondered whether I should simply look away, shame him by staring, report the degenerate to the bus driver...ignore him...or what? I tried again to look away but my gaze kept returning to that tremendous muscle of love grasping within his pumping, white-knuckled fist. I was mesmerized by his activity, my gaze involuntarily riveted upon his engorged member, which now shone like a carved wooden shillelagh. But it was the look beaming from his narrowed eyes, the pure personification of mad desire in his expression that held me in sway. Transfixed, I realized that this stranger's expression related to me alone in this accidental meeting at this particular spot in the cosmic time-space continuum. An electric field developed between us. I felt held, unable to resist. But what harm could come from watching, anyway? It occurred to me that I might well be dealing with a person of unsound mind, a madman. And such an individual might do anything. My stare could be taken for consent--or even interest. Maybe he was a homicidal homophobe who was using his incredibly inviting cock to lure me to my bloody fate. Or maybe he was just another man with an undeniable urge. How well I knew that feeling. But again, nothing would be harmed by simply watching, right? As his fist kept up the mechanical pumping motion on his now-gleaming cock, I felt that old familiar stirring in my own genital area. This alarmed me. I had experienced exactly four homosexual encounters within the entirety of my lifetime: once when my best friend and I were about eight, once in college, once after a drunken army furlough and once on a business trip. The most recent had been over twenty years ago. I was now middle-aged, a respectable married man and--for all intents and purposes--totally heterosexual. I mean, sure a guy had his thoughts and fantasies, but... Then it happened. After several minutes of our staring contest, he lifted his free hand, palm up, and beckoned to me with his outstretched index finger, the digit curling forward invitingly, like a scorpion in danger or in heat. I glanced cautiously toward the front of the bus, then at my radium-dialed wristwatch. 12:45 a.m. It was pitch dark outside, as we were rhythmically rambling through a rural area. All of the other passengers were asleep or at least still. I'm still surprised at the memory of how quickly, how unhesitatingly, I responded. Of course, nobody in those days had ever heard of AIDS, HIV or any of those other alphabetized killers. There was only my own conscience and my self-image to guide me. With startling alacrity, I arose as quietly and unobtrusively as possible, carefully balancing myself for the two-second transfer across the aisle and into the seat beside him. I looked at his cock-- even more swollen now, with a glistening dome of pre-cum fluid threatening to cascade its clear, viscous volume over the curved underside of his throbbing cockhead. His presence intensified up close. His gaze never wavered from my own, though my eyes roamed from his face to his crotch and back. I gulped audibly, wincing inside at how ex-

posed was my uneasiness. He cast only one quick side-glance up toward the front of the bus before leaning in close to me, his hot breath scorching my cheeks. Then I felt his free hand cup mine. Picking up my limp mitt, he placed it gently around the pulsating pole straining skyward from his opened zipper. The skin of his massive erection felt like an iron bar contained within a velvet bag. He mimed an easy-going up-and-down motion with his hand, which still held mine. I was only too eager to oblige. He leaned his face closer still, then stopped, his hesitation visible in his eyes. I responded by moving a couple of centimeters closer, my lips meeting his, and then pressing against them cautiously. I could feel his hips beginning to pump, slowly at first, then with increasing rapidity, driving his cock up and down within the confines of my relatively stationery fist. That seemed to please him enormously. He softly closed his eyes and smiled widely with lascivious pleasure.

His cock felt extremely hot. Scalding. Over-boiling. Searing. I felt as if its veins and other irregularities would forever leave a burnt impression upon my curved palm. He leaned sideways and rested his head upon my shoulder. The abrasiveness of his day-old beard brought back long-suppressed memories of experiences long ago...

"Stroke it," he whispered breathily, his voice hoarse with need. This seemed superfluous, since that's what I'd already been doing. Figuring he wanted me to increase the pace, I subtly brought my grasping fist up and down a bit more pronouncedly, though still slowly and quietly, yet doing only a fraction of what I was dying to do.

"Suck it."

He had to ask me first. Only then did I find the audacity to bend myself downward painstakingly in the cramped seat beside him. Hunkering down, I at last managed to get my face down to his crotch. If the driver happened to notice my legs sticking too far out into the aisle, I hoped he'd think I was merely asleep and had slid down in my seat.

As if all the intervening years of stolid heterosexual respectability were melting away before my eyes, I brought my widely opened mouth down upon his trembling stalk and impaled my face with his angry weapon. From the moment I closed my lips around the stem of his prick, his pubic growth tickling my nose, everything took on a surreal quality for me. Now, in semi-public, I once more had a man's prick in my mouth, after all these years. It was more like a strange dream than any type of reality.

Try as I might to keep it suppressed, that old mixture of fascination and excitement overtook me. The sheer notion of what I was doing--sucking off a stranger in the back of a Greyhound--got me hotter with each second I dwelt upon it. My own breath was coming in short, heated, ragged puffs.

Myriad thoughts raced through my head as I continued suctioning upon his turgid cock, exulting in the sensation of its stiffened length sliding in and out of my increasingly salivating mouth. By now my whole head and body seemed to be vibrating in such a tremendous emotional intensity that I actually feared I might collapse in mid-fellatio.

From below, however, what seemed like an iron bar straining outward from the inside the crotch of my pants was keeping me firmly anchored, preventing my possible downfall. I grasped the stiffness, amazed at how hard I'd become. I wondered how many years--year's hell, decades-- it had been since I'd experienced such absolute turgidity. Had I ever, ever gotten this excited over my wife? Even once? Then again, I'd never felt this way with any man, either. I'd never done anything like this before, period. Could the inherent danger have been my explanation?

The great risk and thoughts of what might happen made me gulp, my lips tightening around his swollen column. He wiggled in either complaint or mere acknowledgment. Yes, the danger, indeed.

If any other passenger got up to march back to the restroom, we were dead.

And what if the driver should glance into his rearview mirror at any moment and spot us? Or what if he already had? He could hardly pull over to the highway's edge and put us out. Or even lecture us. No, I figured

he'd most likely radio up ahead to the local gendarmes at the next stop. We would be unceremoniously escorted out of the bus and into the town hoosegow. Once there, anything could happen.

Small towns have always scared me. They seem to bring out the worst in people. The more isolated the town, the more isolated these traits became.

All of them were sexually puritanical, for instance. I imagined being handcuffed and marched past a jeering, spitting crowd of outraged townsfolk. I pictured us being incarcerated, then tortured. More realistically, I came to expect that we'd most likely just be fined and released. My wife would leave me, turning our children against me, probably for life.

Then it happened.

I first realized he was climaxing when I tasted a warm, bitter, saline substance that assaulted my taste buds. With no other alternative, I began swallowing desperately.

Of the millions of synapses that flow through the human brain, perhaps less than one-tenth of one percent really stick in the mind as memories. Often these are important things, but sometimes little details of even mundane events stay with us to define our future thought processes.

So it was that I still remember every imaginable sensation of that instant. The only exception would be sight, as my eyes had remained closed. All of my other senses, though, were working overtime.

His ejaculation felt hot, even scalding against my tongue, the taste pungently earthy, sweet like freshly-turned earth, only much more intense. As I gulped it all down feverishly, a bittersweet aftertaste sprang upwards.

I even remember how his opened zipper scraped my bobbing chin two or three times.

Then in a flash, it was over. My mouth opened just enough to let his wet, wilting cock slip out.

Spent and sated, the stranger hurriedly stuffed his limber prong back inside his fly and zipped up. Taking my cue, I carefully rose to stand and stepped into the bathroom, directly behind us.

Locking the door, I unbuckled my pants, letting them and my shorts drop to the floor, doubting that I could manage to extricate my throbbing hardon through my zipper. Anyway, this was quicker--and my tremendous need dictated haste. So, afire from the waist down, I leaned my head back, closed my eyes and began whacking.

After an indeterminate time, my orgasm could be restrained no longer. Teeth gritted, I tried to muffle the inevitable groan escaping my lips as my cock exploded like a roman candle, one silvery, viscous blast of semen after another dampening my pants and the back of my hand. Still beguiled by the thought of what I'd just done, I brought my splattered hand up to my mouth and licked off the salty residue. Then I slid contentedly into that sweet, peaceful never, never land that always follows an orgasm.

The bus stopped. Startled, I quickly cleaned up, adjusted my clothes and prepared to step outside. Might as well face approaching trouble head-on. I was about to open the folding door when I felt the bus start rolling again.

Frowning with curiosity, I stepped outside, into the aisle.

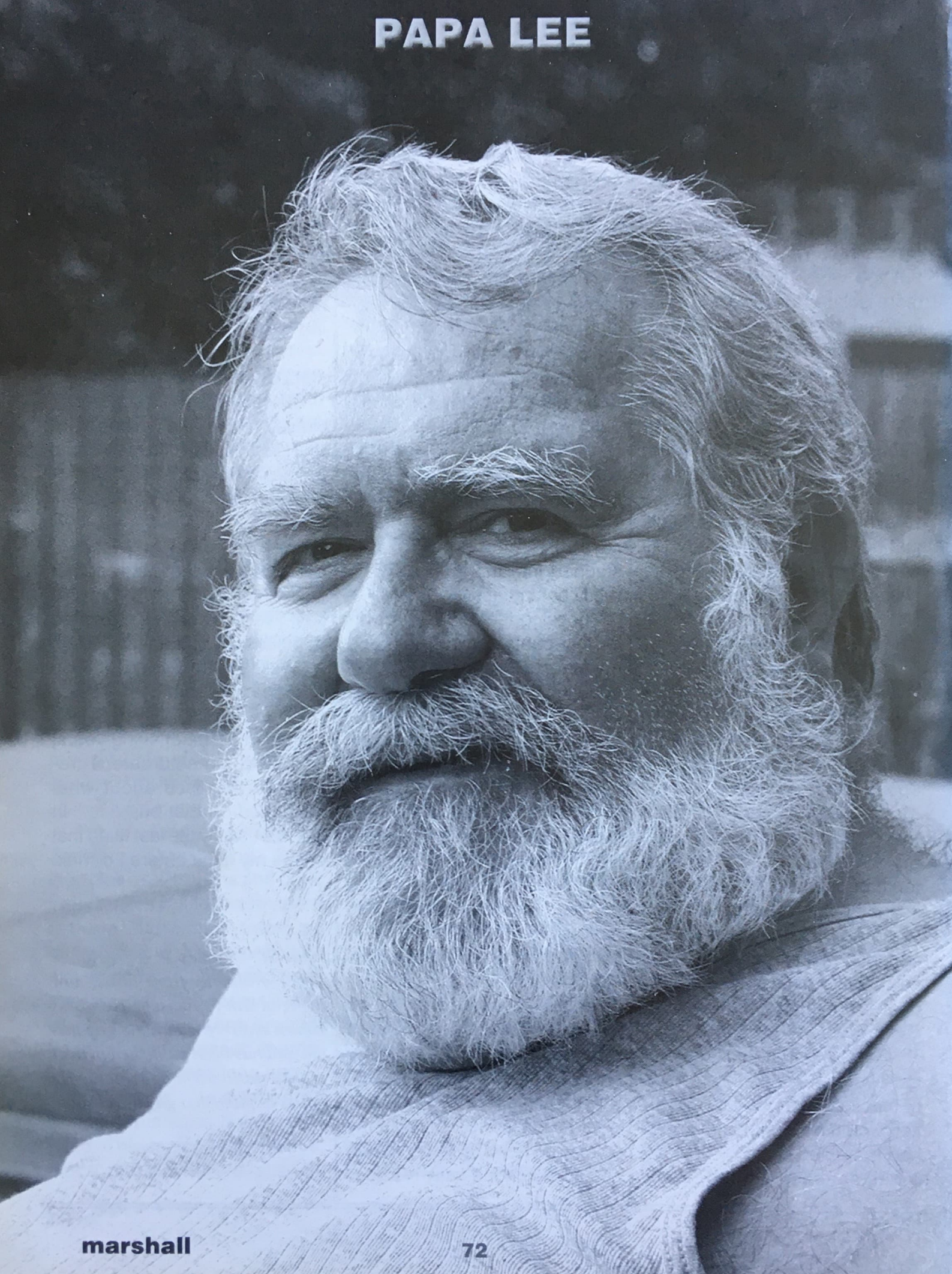
The stranger was gone. Obviously, his destination had been that last flyspeck called by some Indian name that I couldn't pronounce then and can't recall now.

Yet the sensation of the incomparably sweet taste of that guy's jism remains vivid to this day. I've long savored the sense of delicious wickedness I'd felt, as well as the sense of loss when he was spent.

And in all the ensuing years, whenever I masturbate, I frequently reminisce about what happened on that bus ride. In fact, it's usually the last thing that enters my mind before I climax.

John St. Charles is a freelance writer originally from Texas, now living in San Francisco. He works almost entirely within the gay media and has been published in over eighty national magazines. He hopes to publish a gay novel soon.

PAPA LEE



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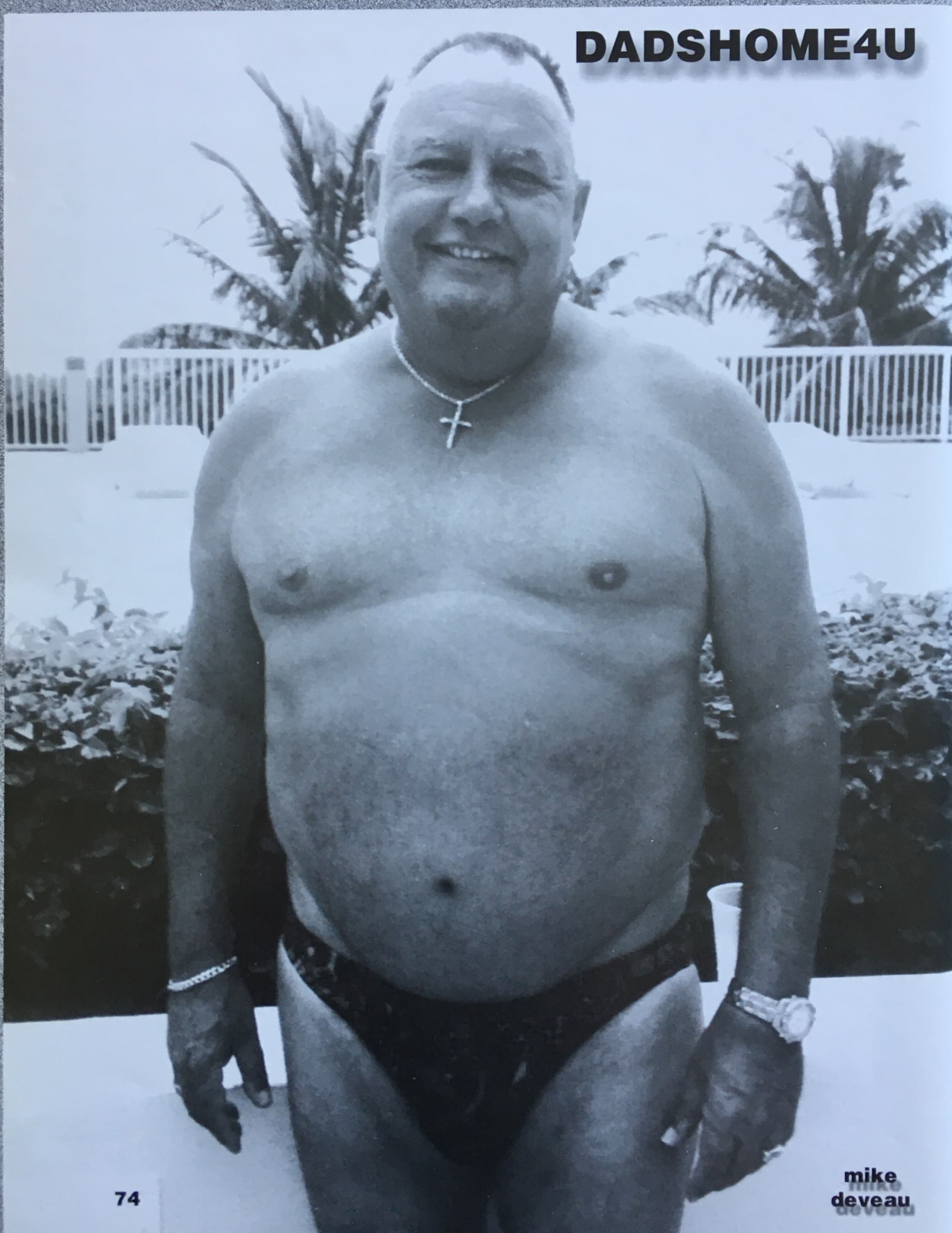

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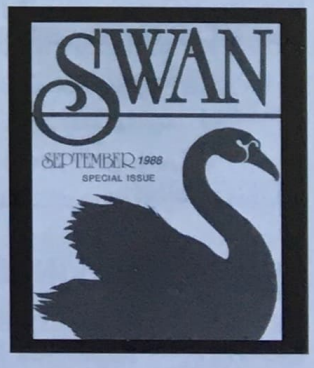

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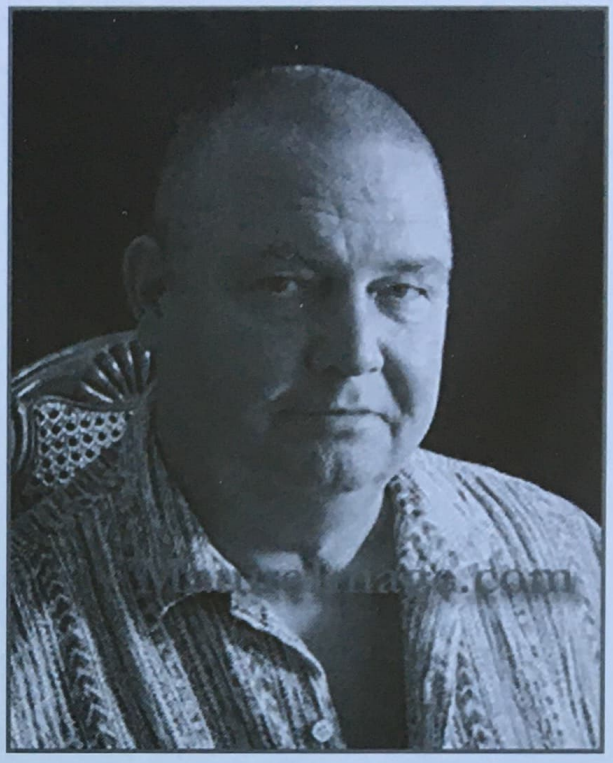
by P.H. Colley



At the risk of inducing projectile vomiting from the boys at Centaur (page 11), let me be the first to say, "HE'S BAAAAACK!"

Get ready for another message from the owner of this rag, who proudly presents the 102nd issue of the best mature men's magazine on the planet.

Feedback from last issue indicates that I'm pretty much on track, because 43 subscribers took the time to write supportive messages. A dance critic in New York offered the only non-anonymous negative opinion, which I would publish if he had not confused us with Swan Lake. Of course, the "anonymous" harpies put their two cents in, gloating over our "falling on our face," showing outrage over our "insulting" Woody Baldwin and Tomcat," fretting that I was "out of control," and comparing us with Bin Laden. Projected infantile paranoia, anyone?

The piece I had intended to write this time got sidetracked due to the change in status of one of my subjects and the lack of preparation regarding backup proof for another. A libel suit won't go very far if you're telling the truth and can back it up. We'll therefore do that story next time.

Today I want to talk about genuine masculinity and the old Hollywood Squares, when Paul Lynde and Charlie Weaver held court.

I find it strange that perhaps the best way to understand the intrinsic meaning of authentic homosexual masculinity is to read a new book by Phyllis Chester, entitled *Woman's Inhumanity To Woman*. The book looks at how girls and young women complete and show aggressive and vindictive behavior in ways that fly in the face of the "sugar and spice" myth about girls.

During an interview on one of the news channels, Ms. Chester urged men to read her book as well as women, since she opens up a whole box of worms regarding the parenting of girls that show this sort of behavior. She also compared typical aggressive behavior of girls with that of boys and how such behavior can extend into adulthood.

One difference that stuck out in my mind was the revenge aspect: girls conspire to attack character and reputation, and loyalties can change in a heartbeat. Boys tend to be less devious and more open about who they like or dislike. They generally seem to be more loyal.

I assumed early on in my life that gay men acted either "gay" or "straight." (I was urged so often to stop trying to act so "butch" that I really thought I was the affected one, not the guy who screamed "Oh, Mary!" a lot.) It wasn't until I moved to New York in 1967 that the epiphany hit me over the head: genuinely masculine gay men were not only in existence, but available!

Trouble is, you always had to mix with the other gay guys, the ones who could talk and walk right in a leather bar, yet never had a friend he didn't call "girl." The anonymous hate mail I get invariably comes from hysterical, semi-illiterate shemen.

And to make matters worse, there are those men whose negative feminine traits don't manifest until there is an urgent call for complete honesty and loyalty. What the fuck happened to that straight shooter whose promise was golden and whose loyalty was neverending? Did he get all he could out of you? Was he only after your body and

lost the urge? Was there just too much envy? Of course, you'll never find out, because gay men who have negative feminine traits would prefer to enlist with the enemy, betray every confidence, and perfect the high art of character assassination (I don't speak to that bitch anymore!).

In summary, I have certainly been duped by my share of females trapped inside men's bodies. The two men I thought the most of were ex-marines (at least they said they were), for God's sake. Such a rugged military experience failed to drive out the dysfunctional little girl in them. Semper Fi, Honey.

Finally, I would like to share with you something I received from a genuine friend, who is also a genuine man His name is Art Maddox. He doesn't take sides, and he doesn't abandon friends:

These quips are from the old Hollywood Square show in the 70s when Peter Marshall was the host:

Q: True or false: A pea can last as long as 5,000 years.
A: George Gobel: Boy it sure seems that way sometimes.

Q: You've been having trouble going to sleep. Are you probably a man or a woman?
A: Don Knotts: That's what's been keeping me awake.

Q: Which of your five senses tends to diminish as you get older?
A: Charley Weaver: My sense of decency.

Q: As you grow older, do you tend to gesture more or less with your hands while you are talking?
A: Rose Marie: You ask me one more growing older question, Peter, and I'll give you a gesture you'll never forget!

Q: Paul, why do Hell's Angels wear leather?
A: Paul Lynde: Because chiffon wrinkles too easily.

Q: Charley, you've just decided to grow strawberries. Are you going to get any during your first year?
A: Charley Weaver: Of course not, Peter. I'm too busy growing strawberries!

Q: In bowling, what's a perfect score?
A: Rose Marie: Ralph, the pin boy.

Q: It is considered in bad taste to discuss two subjects at nudist camps. One is politics. What is the other?
A: Paul Lynde: Tape measures.

Q: When you pat a dog on its head he will usually wag his tail. What will a goose do?
A: Paul Lynde: Make him bark.

Q: According to Ann Landers, is there anything wrong with getting into the habit of kissing a lot of people?
A: Charley Weaver: It got me out of the army!

Q: It is the most abused and neglected part of your body - what is it?
A: Paul Lynde: Mine may be abused but it certainly is not neglected!

Q: Back in the old days, when Great Grandpa put horseradish on his head, what was he trying to do?
A: George Gobel: Get it in his mouth.

Q: Dennis Weaver, Debbie Reynolds, and Shelley Winters starred in the movie "What's The Matter With Helen?" Who played Helen?
A: Charley Weaver: Dennis Weaver - that's why they asked the question.

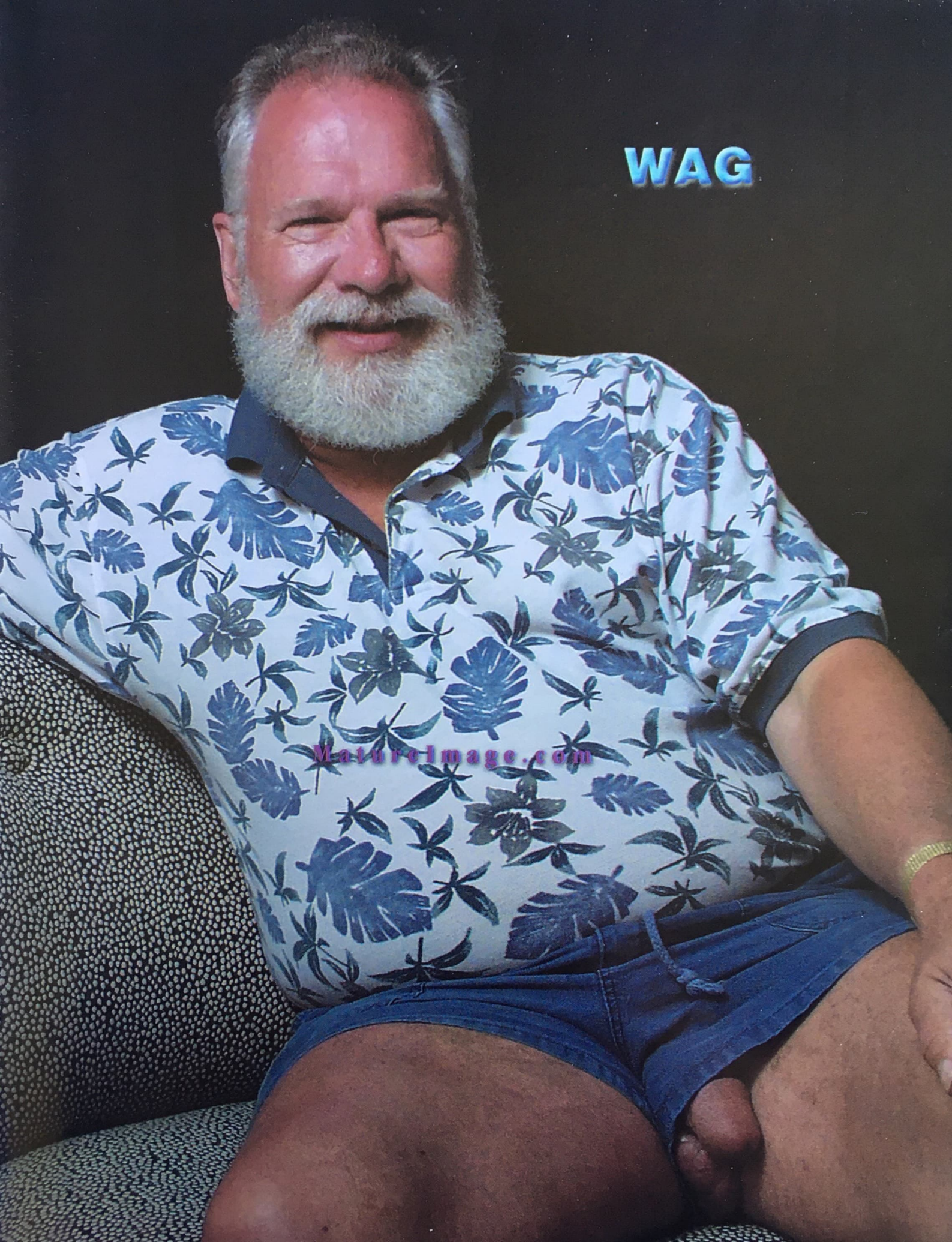
Q: If you were pregnant for two years, what would you give birth to?
A: Paul Lynde: Whatever it is, it would never be afraid of the dark.

Q: Jackie Gleason recently revealed that he firmly believes in them, and has actually seen them on at least two occasions. What are they?
A: Charley Weaver: His feet.

Q: Do female frogs croak?
A: Paul Lynde: If you hold their little heads under water long enough.

Q: Imagine you are a child in your mother's womb, can you detect light?
A: Paul Lynde: Only during ballet practice.

TIL NEXT TIME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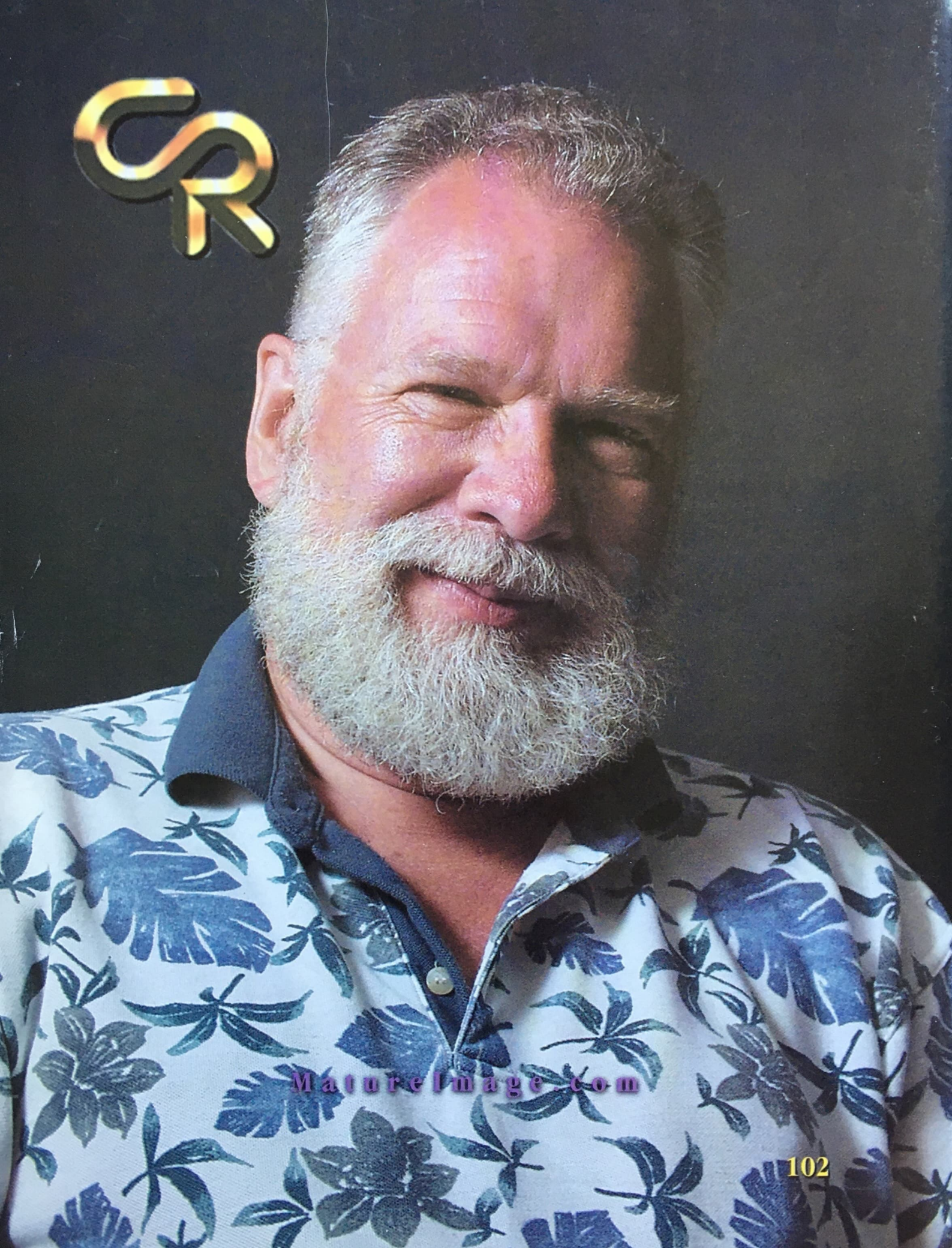
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